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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

FEBRUARY, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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CORONET
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PUBLISHER

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Whole No. 4

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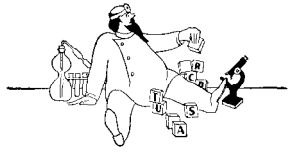
INVITATION TO SCIENCE

TO CEASE ADORING ITSELF LONG ENOUGH TO PASS A FEW MIRACLES



SCIENCE, particularly in the past century or so, has, on account of the progress it has made, drawn a never-ending succession of gapes and gasps from humanity, an ecstatic chorus of "Oh!"s and "Ah!"s. It has been told that it is wonderful, marvelous, unbelievable for so long that if it hasn't got a bad case of swelled head, it would be justified in pointing to the fact as its crowning accomplishment.

Well, here, for one, is a fellow who doesn't intend to join in the backslapping. The sad truth is that science has given its hand away. Its continued successful mastery of the material world has proven not that the feat is a miraculous one but that it is ridiculously easy. It is simply getting away with murder when it takes bows for such things as aviation, radio, television while the occasional individual who exhibits even the faintest understanding of human nature is lucky to get even a casual "Nice going, kid."

Of course this point about man being able to understand practically everything but himself is old stuff by now, and I don't intend to emphasize it further. I have no constructive suggestions as to how he is going to get a better slant on himself, and even if I had, they wouldn't be germane to the thesis of this piece which is: After you make it look easy too long, the fans get bored. I am bored. The stunts that the scientists have pulled may have seemed miraculous once, but right now they look like pushovers. Of course it may have been something I had for breakfast, but, in any event, I am dissatisfied. There are a lot of bigger and better inventions I have a hankering for, and I don't intend to be reasonable about asking for them. We've been reasonable and patient for too long.

Take this matter of flying. Miraculous, they say. Phooey. We've been flying for around thirty years now, and nothing that continues that long gets dubbed miraculous in *my* lexicon. In fact one day and a half is my limit. After that, the answer seems to me to be: Why not? Anyhow, how do we fly? Like the obviously un-miraculous birds. We float in the air just as a ship floats in water. Of course most of our machines, in contrast to a boat, are

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heavier than the material they float in, but it is still the principal of buoyancy—something about resultant forces, if I remember my prep school physics. But in no case do we defy gravity.

I said we fly like the birds. That is only half true. We have to get into some kind of a contraption to fly. They do it in the raw. That's the way I want to fly. Of course by in the raw, I don't mean that I have a yen to go soaring around with no clothes on. I imply that I want to take off from any place at any time I choose, and go whooshing over to Joe's for a beer or down to Florida for a little tennis. On real cold days I might wear several overcoats.

And I don't want this to operate on the old push-over principle of air-buoyancy; I want it to be equally as good in a vacuum. In short I want some kind of gadget which defies gravity. Something—and darn small and convenient—which I can attach to myself. Perhaps some of the boys who pen the comic strips about Buck Rogers and such have had the same idea, but, if so, all I can say is good for them. Why don't the scientists work on a really good idea when it's handed to them? Let them produce on this suggestion, and I'll be willing—for a little while, anyhow—to concede that they've done something miraculous. And if any of them object that I'm asking an impossibility, my answer is that scientists are *supposed* to do impossibilities.

At the start I would be satisfied with a maximum speed of one thousand miles per hour on this invention, with a minimum, of course, of absolute zero, so that one could hover any place he chose, like a humming bird (but a different principle, remember). I wasn't going to hint at all, but I think this gravity-defying business can be accomplished by utilizing radio waves somehow or other. Don't mention it.

And if any smart-alec scientist objects that air-resistance would make a speed of a thousand an hour impossible, my answer to that one is: All right. Invent something else that will get the air the hell out of my way when I want to go places. Are we men or mice? Are we going to put up with a nuisance like air when it interferes with us?

And now let's look at our miraculous present-day communication systems.

Telephones, radio, cables, wireless. Lousy, all of them. Yes, that's just what I said. It's a nuisance to dial numbers, and it's a nuisance to fill out telegraph sheets. Moreover, the simplest of all forms of communication, human speech, is a nuisance too. Hard on the vocal chords.

The only system of communication which will ever be the slightest good, even faintly miraculous, is thought transference.

Of course there are a few individuals who claim to be psychic, but the number is infinitesimal, and many of

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them are probably fakes in the bargain. What I want scientists to do is to work out a good A-1, one hundred per cent dependable thought-transference communication system, not just a sentimental one where kindred souls can feel their one-ness, not the kind that merely enables you to perceive instantly that some loved one is about to die or get her finger smashed in the door, but a practical matter-of-fact system that will enable a fellow to get in touch with Gus instantaneously and tell him to be sure and bring his golf clubs for the weekend. And I don't really get steamed up over this one either unless the consumer-cost can be brought to less than five cents per minute per thousand miles.

While we're on the thought-transference subject, it occurs to me that there's another phase of it which could go a long way towards making this world a better place. And, if the preceding suggestions have appeared to disclose me as grossly materially-minded, let me say that the invention I now advocate is one calculated to promote beauty. What I want is something which will enable us mortals to translate thought into art without being handicapped—as most of us are—by technical shortcomings. For instance most of us have, in our mind, thought of swell piano or orchestra arrangements for certain tunes. We have visualized scenes that would make marvelous pictures or statues. Being unable to play any instrument or to paint or sculp, we have been unable to translate our inspiration into outward form, and the world has been the loser. Oh, all right, be cynical if you want to. Maybe sometimes it *has* been the winner.

Anyhow what I want is some device which enables us to sit near a piano or an empty canvas, keep our hands in our pockets, and presto!—a fine tune or a fine painting. All drudgery—dull dreary finger-exercises, and nights at art school—eliminated . . . What? . . . Hey, listen, don't keep saying "How?" That's for the scientists to figure out. I'm giving them ideas. What more do they want?

Everybody, as Mark Twain remarked long ago, talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it.

Mark was quite right, and to all intents and purposes, he is still right, although I have heard of random experiments with cannon-firing and bomb-shooting with very unimpressive results. Personally I feel that it is a disgrace to civilization that we are forced to put up with whatever sort of weather is thrown at us. The tragic story of the Dust Bowl in recent years is something that appals us all, but the fate of would-be picnic-ers and ball-game attendants when it rains is also something that deserves more attention than the occasional time-honored gags which have been bestowed upon it.

At first I thought that some sort of a pill forcibly injected into the weather of a certain community might turn

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the trick, but it has occurred to me that feelings about weather are very personal and that even in a small community there might be some who held out for skiing weather and others for a good day for fishing. My conclusion is, accordingly, that the weather needs to be broken up into far smaller fragments.

In fact each individual ought to be given some sort of a device that enables him to carry his weather around with him. Thus two people might walk along the sidewalk, one of them enjoying a nice balmy summer day of eighty, the other exhilarated by a crisp January morning in the low twenties. Weather under-foot should also be correspondingly personalized. I should be able to have snow in my front yard for the kiddies to play in without in the least interfering with my neighbor's right to grow a thriving green lawn next door. There is an awful lot of weather in the world, and I see no reason why this invention—it would probably be called the weather-extractor—shouldn't be able to extract any variety of climate or weather whatsoever, and put it where its owner can get at it. Well, I can see one reason.

It is because the scientists have been content to loaf, basking in our applause when they give us such paltry commonplaces in radios, knee-action wheels, air-conditioning, trans-oceanic dirigibles and wireless photographs.

Look at the trouble and expense involved in eating and preparing food. I am not yet prepared to maintain that science should make eating unnecessary, but I do think it should make it simpler. There has been talk about concentrated pills—a splendid idea—but have we got any that are any good? They would take the zest out of eating, say some. Rubbish! What I want is a pill that I can put in my mouth, and which will give me the taste sensation and the nutritional value of eating a meal consisting of terrapin soup, filet of sole, beefsteak, mushrooms, asparagus, romaine with roquefort dressing, peach Melba and a demi-tasse. I should be able to taste each of them in turn. The nutritional value would be grabbed out of the air by the pill when I open my mouth occasionally.

Maybe I'm unreasonable, but I think it is high time that scientists got an entirely new perspective, a glimpse at standards miles above the ones they seem to be setting themselves nowadays.

We're getting bored with variations on the same old themes. But if my suggestions seem to be too fantastic—although I deny it vehemently—I have one more hint as to how a scientist can hope to make me take off my hat, and say: "Miraculous!" Let him discover the cause, prevention and cure of the cold in the head.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

Mr. Cummings is an amateur tennis player of near-professional skill and a professional writer of near-amateur enthusiasm; he lives in Newport, Connecticut; his hobby is the writing of short fillers.

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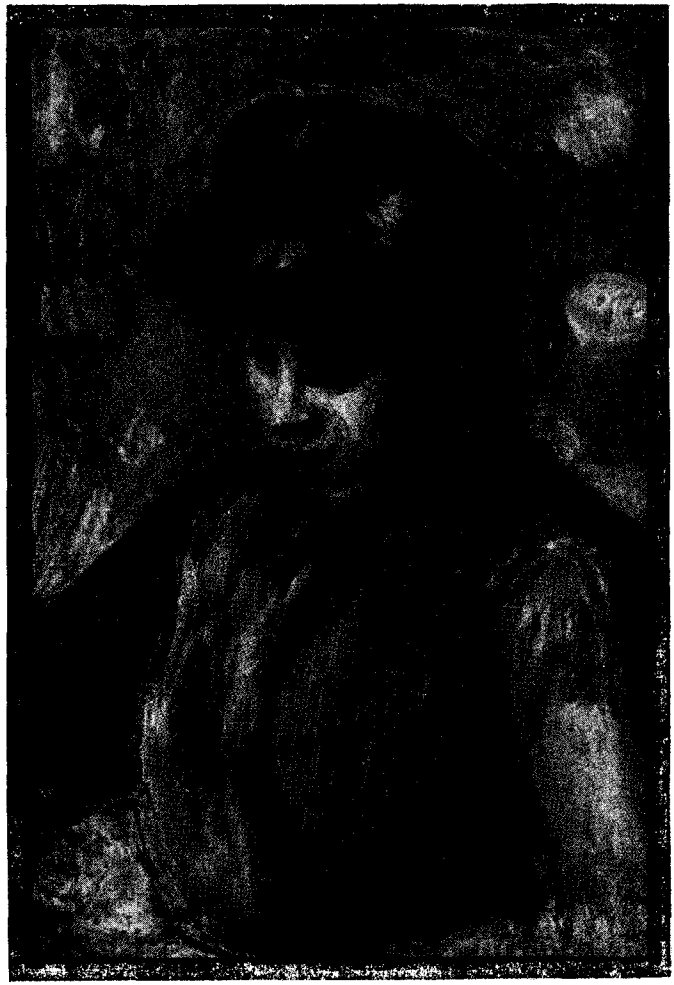

A PORTRAIT BY RENOIR

Renoir (1841-1919) was one of the greatest, not merely of French painters, but of all. Touched for a time in his youth by Impressionism, in his maturity he transcended all "schools." In his late seventies his vision was affected so that, literally, he "saw red," and he painted as he saw.

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A DRAWING BY PISSARRO

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903) was one of the chief exponents of the Impressionist School that included Manet, Monet and Sisley, and as a teacher he influenced Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin and Seurat, a fact which would assure his place of honor in art, even if he had not been a master.

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A STUDY BY TERECHKOVITCH

Constantin Terechkovitch was born in Moscow but has lived in Paris since the early twenties. Very few of his pictures have been seen in this country, exhibitions of his work having been held thus far only in New York and Philadelphia. At thirty-five his own style is still in formation.

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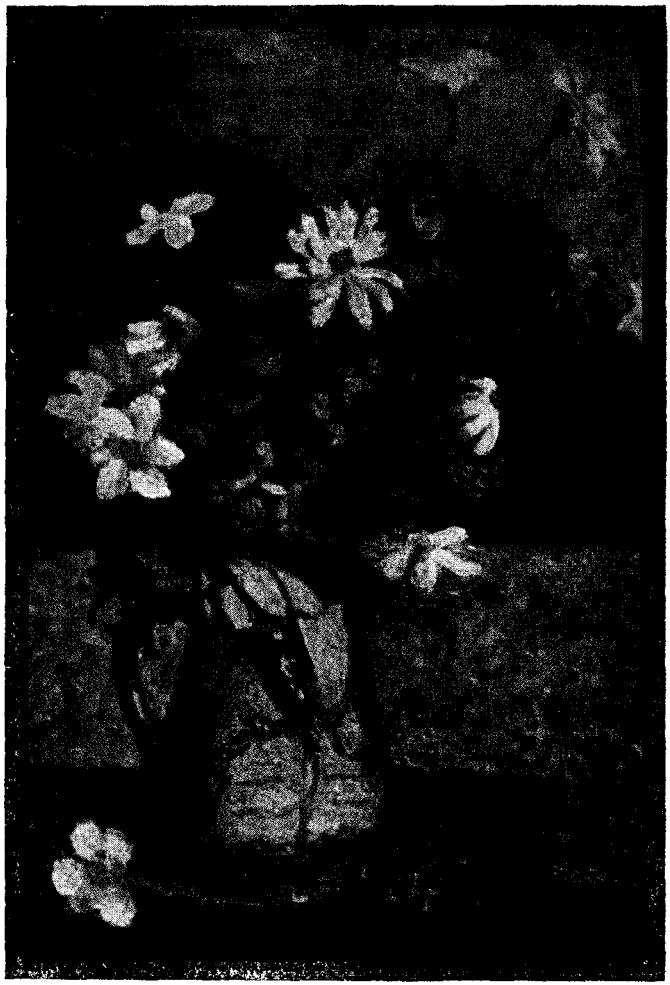

A FLOWER STUDY BY MARQUET

Of all the many French painters who have followed in the footsteps of Matisse, Albert Marquet has most completely succeeded in making himself the master rather than the slave of the highly individualized Matisse manner. This shows in the economy and restraint of this study.

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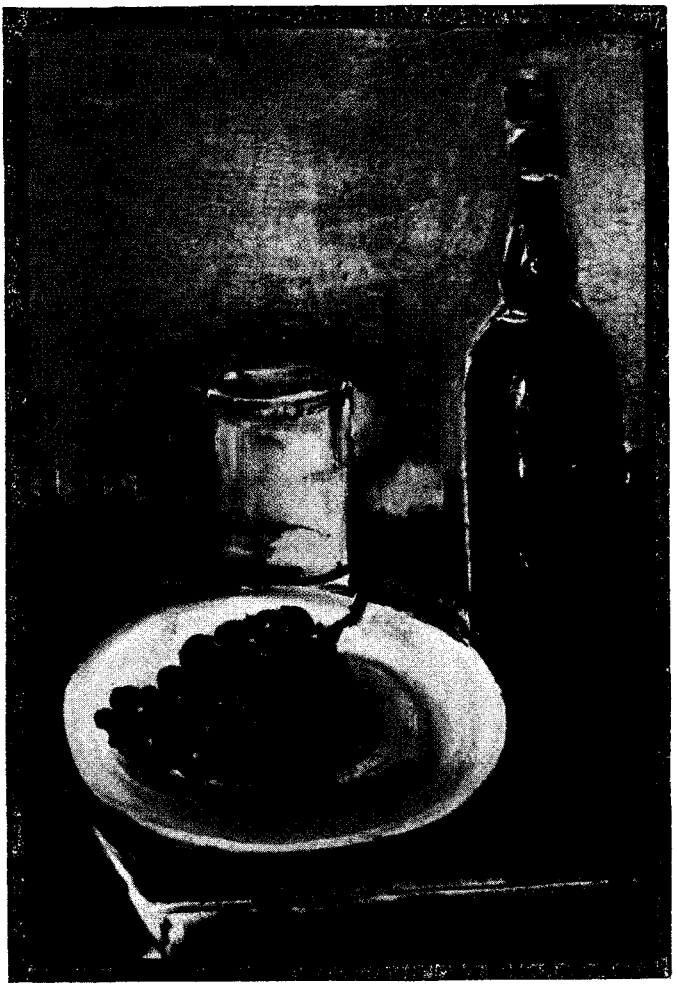

A STILL LIFE BY VLAMINCK

Belgian by birth but Parisian by choice, Vlaminck first attracted attention in 1906 as one of the members of *Les Fauves* (the others were Matisse, Braque, Van Dongen, Dufy and Friesz) in a revolt against "impressionism and/or naturalism." After thirty years, this looks "natural."

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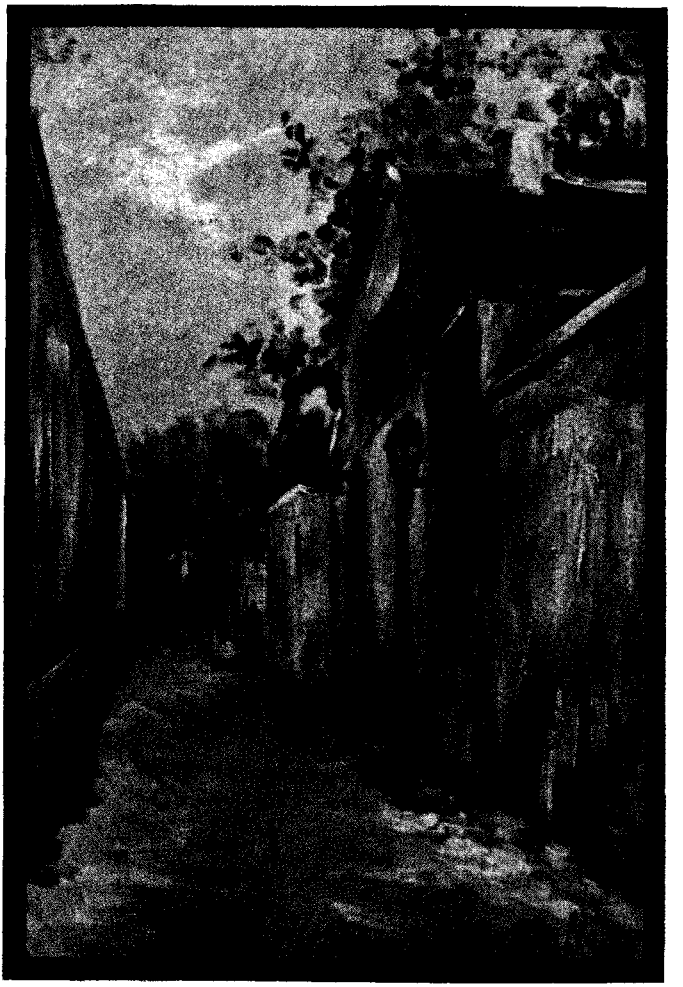

A STREET SCENE BY UTRILLO

The son of Suzanne Veladon, for whom he signs the "v" after his name, Utrillo is today far removed from this early manner. In these street scenes he was considered an imitator of Cézanne (as who isn't in this century?). So he began piling on the paint, not always happily.

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A STREET SCENE BY SOUTINE

It takes time and a little study but after a minute or so it will take shape as a Riviera landscape, with a man walking up the winding hillside road to the left and with a hill-perched villa plainly visible through the trees in the background. It will, that is, if your mind will let it.

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A REVERIE BY CHAGALL

Like Chaim Soutine (than whom he seemed even "wilder" fifteen years ago), Marc Chagall is a Russian living in Paris. At thirty-five, when he drew people with eyes pendant for *The Dial* and for *Broom*, he was the Dali of his day. At fifty he seems a veritable troubadour in paint.

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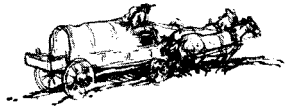
MEDICINE BUTTE

JUST ASK US AGENCY WORKERS, IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND INDIANS



LISTEN, I'm giving you the straight story. You can come to the Agency office and check it. Them Indians got their full rations, and I brought the load to Medicine Butte myself. You make the trip up there and you won't be likely to forget if you made it or not.

Yes, I know all about them old timers starving to death last winter. You been talking to White Wolf and Man Asleep and that half-baked lawyer, Three Feathers, and they've been yelling to high heaven about it. And it wasn't our fault at the Agency, at all. If you'd come to me in the first place, I could have let you have the facts right away. The bunch of breeds you've been talking to can't be trusted. Never was a half-breed wasn't a born liar. At that, one of the old buffalo hunters in blankets and pigtails is worth a dozen of these lazy, loud-mouthed Reservation lawyers like you've been palling around with. Not that the old timers aren't crazy, too.

Now you take that Medicine Butte business. Will you be here the end of the month? I'm making the trip up there then, and you might like to see the place. That is, if you don't mind the worst road in the Rockies. It isn't so bad on horseback, but when I take up their rations I got to use a wagon, and that goat track over the mountains ain't the best in the world. Half the time you'd need a microscope to see any space between your wheels and the edge—and there's drops of better than a thousand feet in case the road should wash out a little and the wheels go over the cliff.

Well, these Medicine Butte Indians you was asking about, live in a sort of a little valley in Medicine Butte, and that's right on top of Medicine Mountain. Funny place. Some geologists from the Smithsonian was here four-five years ago and they told me about it being a crater of an extinct volcano when I took them up. They camped there about a month, right with the old timers.

You know, the breeds and young Indians seem to die if anyone looks at 'em cross-eyed, but I've seen these here pigtailed old braves riding along on ponies that my kid would steer shy of, and he's won prizes at the best

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rodeos. Most of the old buffalo hunters that are over seventy now seem made of mule hide. Their hair stays black till they're almost ninety and they keep their teeth. And when we let them hold their heathen sun dances, after the young folks drop, you'll see some old squaw who's past eighty, praying and dancing like they do, for three days without a bite of food or a drop of water.

Yes, I know about the Medicine Butte deaths. I was telling you. And I want you to make the trip with me to see them old squaws and hunters. Bet the baby of the place is sixty-five. They're Assiniboines that wouldn't come down to the Reservation when we was giving out allotments. There was about 150 of them. It seems Medicine Butte was something sacred in their religion, and they just stayed. It was all right when the hunting was good, but after all the land down here was allotted or homesteaded, and the game killed off, and the mountains made into a national monument, we had to start giving them rations. After a while we got all but the old ones to come down to the Reservation. We couldn't budge the old folks. Ain't more than two or three of them can talk English. Them that ain't too old still do quill work, and there ain't a squaw on the Reservation either knows how or will take the trouble to learn.

Well, like I was telling you, we got to give them rations now—the regular stuff, beans and flour and salt pork and coffee. Just cause I talk Assiniboine I take the stuff up the mountain to them—and I'd give the job to anyone would take it.

Now, that road. You can't use it after the snows start or when it's melting in the spring, on account of snow slides.

During the winter the Indians sometimes make the trip on snowshoes, but we only get there during the summer months.

So last September, when I went up to Medicine Butte, the Agency men loaded on rations for the whole winter.

You can check the list whenever you want. I had to stop at the Reservation boarding school on account of they wanted to send something with me, and then I made the trip. It was raining, too.

I'll take you on a fair day and let you imagine what the road's like when it's wet.

Well, I got there and unloaded, and the old timers come out. Here I had risked my neck bringing them food for the winter and was there a thank you from a one of them! I never seen a meaner looking crowd and then old Maggie Three Feathers—she was the great-grandmother of your friend — started keening bad enough to lift the hair from your head. My father told me many a time about the Assiniboines when they get mean. Not that I was afraid of the bunch of old men and squaws, but I didn't want any trouble to start. They hadn't so much

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as give me a cup of coffee, and I was lucky I had some moon with me to take a drink or two on the way back. Them old Indians give me the Willies.

Well, around Christmas time we started hearing from Indians on snowshoes that the bunch up at Medicine Butte was starving.

But we knew they'd got their regular rations. Then the snows got so bad that no one could get through even on snowshoes.

I had a leave of absence this spring and so young Erickson made the trip out there with food about the end of May.

When he come back he tells the Superintendent that there's only about thirty still alive, and most of them sick. He don't speak much Indian but he got that they'd starved to death.

So I get a wire and come right back. The Supe and me made the trip together, and we took the Agency police along just in case.

The Supe heard the story and he can tell you that what I'm saying is the Gospel truth. Them crazy old buffalo hunters had left the good food I carted up Medicine Mountain right where I unloaded it.

They starved to death, and the rations was eaten by wolves and coyotes and wolverines.

The only reason we found any of them alive was that the squaws trapped some rabbits after the snows got so heavy none of the Reservation Indians could bring them food. And old Pretty Man—he's still alive and he's near a hundred—got an elk.

It's God's truth. They said that evil spirits had entered the food I brought. You see, when I stopped at the school, they sent a kid's body up to the Butte for his grandparents to bury.

It was Jimmy Wolf Tooth, if I remember right. He'd died of T. B. like all the young ones do. The school put his body in a neat canvas shroud. It never touched the food.

That story them half-breed agitators is telling about the body breaking on account of the road being so bad, and the flour and other rations being spattered with blood is a damned lie. Just a little red clay splashed from the muddy road.

And anyway if you'd seen them roast dogs like I have you'd know that they don't have to be so damned particular.

No, just cause I didn't make an extra trip with the kid's body the superstitious old fools let good food lie there—and died.

You come to the Agency with me and look over the records. And you'll learn when you want to find out anything about the Indians to ask us Agency workers. We've been around them all our lives and we understand them.

—Edith Liggett

Mrs. Liggett is the widow of the Minneapolis editor, whose assassination left her with two children to support; her stories "are written to pay for their overcoats and concentrated codliver oil capsules."

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HEINRICH KLEY

In this issue CORONET again presents the drawings of Heinrich Kley, this time confining the selection to his sur-human studies of elephants. You will find eleven of these delectable pages interspersed throughout the text pages. The January issue also contained eleven Kley drawings.

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MAIN STREET, POLYNESIA

NO WONDER SADIE THOMPSON LOOKED GOOD TO A MINISTER AT PAGO-PAGO

PAGO-PAGO is Sadie Thompson's town. It's unfortunate that the place could never conceivably raise enough cash to erect a statue to her. . . . Postcard views of the local hotel are, however, labelled The Sadie Thompson Inn. If that was the place depicted in *Rain*, the set-designer flagrantly flattered the original. . . . Particularly since one of the local cyclones recently ripped the roof off the joint.

The natives are forbidden to buy anything alcoholic. But you can buy them beer in a couple of doggeries back of the postoffice. . . . Which is practically outside the city-limits. The whole town is about the size of Amo, Ind. . . . The natives couldn't afford much liquor anyway. Even if they overcome their natural repugnance to work and get pay for swinging a pick for the Navy, tribal custom requires them to turn it over to the chief if he asks for it. . . . He usually does. . . . Theoretically he spends it for the good of the whole clan, but nobody is entitled to check up on him. . . .

Since all American Samoa is a bailiwick of the United States Navy, which has a base at Pago, the Navy is patriarchally responsible for everything. . . . Even the movie-theatre is Navy-run. . . . Not so much of a job though. Tutuila, the main island where Pago is, isn't big and the rest is a mere scattering of scraps of land off to the east. . . . These last being the islands Margaret Meade wrote about in *Coming of Age in Samoa*. . . . About the only native customs the Navy has interfered with are blood-feuds and the public defloration of virgins. . . .

A naval base sounds impressive. . . . Actually it consists of one dock, one naval tug, one launch, one naval governor, one naval magistrate, a sprinkling of officers and enlisted men—and a unit of native marines and three three-inch guns mounted as a shore-battery. . . . Merely the place where a naval station could be. . . . Next to Sadie Thompson, the naval governor is the most important person in the place. . . .

The Pacific contains as many handsomest harbors in the world as St. Augustine, Fla., has oldest houses in the United States. . . . Pago-Pago harbor, a flooded volcanic crater curving into the heart of a mountainous,

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oppressively green island, need take no back talk from Sydney or Suva harbors. . . . It also holds the world's record for simultaneous rainbows—sixteen at once. . . . Quite a show—but the residents could do with a little less moisture in the air as a steady thing. . . .

The native guards are called marines for lack of anything more accurate. . . . They never go to sea and they aren't really enlisted in the marine corps. . . . But they look swell. Big brown boys diked out in snow-white wraparound skirts, red sashes, white shirts and red fezzes with the tops cut out—and big bare brown feet at the other end. . . . The native guards in Fiji are almost as fancy, with red shell-jackets and white petticoats with scallops round the bottom—and the Samoans have nothing to match the Fijian's explosive coiffure. . . . Tourists in Fiji often wonder how the natives, who wear no panties underneath their skirts, manage to ride triangle-frame bicycles without indecent exposure. . . . But they do. . . .

Pop-eyes, big feet and big hands are considered attractive in Samoa. . . . That goes for both sexes. . . . The point is, they say, that the bigger your hands and feet are, the more expressive you can make your gestures in the traditional ritual dances. . . . A Fijian would make a big hit in Samoa. His feet usually look like a burlesque comic's trick shoes. . . . The handsomest Samoans from the white point of view are the elderly men, who look like prominent clubmen dyed brown and surprised in a Turkish bath. . . . The young men come next and the girls and women grade off at the bottom. . . . Literally. . . . Many of the young people are disfigured by lumpy wens, after-effects of some tropical disease. . . . Elephantiasis is also distressingly common. . . .

Being allowed to enlist in the native marines is a big honor for a young Samoan. . . . The one greater honor is to be a servant in the governor's household. The governor is a big chief and it's great stuff to be in a big chief's house in any capacity, even bathing dishes. . . .

The German cruiser which was thrown up on the reef in Apia harbor by the hurricane of 1893 still lies there out of water with her back broken. . . . Apia has been British since the war and now and again the authorities start arranging to have her broken up as an eyesore. . . . But the German residents, of whom many remain, always object strenuously. Bad omen or not, they value the old hulk as the only relic of the German occupation.

Mail-service to Tin Can Island, where they used to swim out to get the mail sealed in a tin drum and thrown off the ship, has been discontinued. . . . People supplying stamp-collectors' demand for the trick postmark were making a racket out of it. . . . Samoan back-houses are built out front—the traditional Chic Sale model, perhaps a trifle airier in construction, standing on stilts in the water

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out from the beach, with a rickety wooden catwalk connecting it with shore. . . . Privacy at a premium. . . .

When the movies invaded Tahiti to get location stuff for *Mutiny on the Bounty*, all the natives were rounded up as extras—at good pay for Tahiti. . . . After the native extras got talking with the white extras in the company, the innocent savages struck for the Hollywood rate—and got it. . . . The beautiful Tahitian heroine in the picture was an imported Hawaiian *hapahaole* (meaning half-white). . . . Norfolk Island, to which the descendants of the Bounty mutineers were moved from Pitcairn's Island almost a hundred years ago, is running over with them still. A chart of the place showing who owns which land reads like a roll-call of the mutineers—Quintall, Christian, Adams and so forth. . . . Norfolk has had tough luck in settlers. First convicts from Australia, sent there as incorrigible, and then inbred Bountyites. . . . The Norfolk Islanders still use a lot of archaic eighteenth century words and speak a queer singsong English, said to be derived from their Polynesian mothers' pronunciation. . . .

The movie and the Nordhoff and Hall books have made all tourists extremely Bounty-conscious. It's a pity it's so hard to get to Pitcairn's Island. . . . Boats out of New Zealand occasionally stop there but, even in the best weather, they won't risk landing women-passengers. . . . The inhabitants, whose ancestors got homesick for Pitcairn's and came back again from Norfolk, try to sell passengers shell-necklaces and such. But it's risky to buy them because the island is famous for nasty skin diseases. . . .

It's a shock to discover, from indignant editorials about the Bounty movie in Australian papers, that Captain (at the time of the mutiny he had only a lieutenant's commission) Bligh is part of Australian history as an heroic founding father and don't you forget it. . . . He was an early governor of New South Wales in the convict days. Bligh Street in Sydney is named after him. . . . By trying to suppress the local rum-racket among officers of the militia-garrison, he caught himself another mutiny. When the officers came to get him, they found him hiding under the bed. . . . If she likes your face, the head of the Mitchell Library in Sydney will let you take Bligh's log of the open-boat voyage out of the case and leaf through it. . . . He wrote a very legible hand for a man engaged in penmanship in the stern of an open boat. . . .

On boat-days, once every couple of weeks, the natives in Pago-Pago do a good business with postcards, mostly photographs of buxom Samoan girls stripped to the waist in a fashion no longer tolerated in town. . . . The inscription is probably the worst piece of postcard humor in the world: "Would you like to see Samoa?"

Suva, the big town in Fiji, is running over with Hindus, brought there as laborers by the British. . . . The

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way a Hindu driver behaves behind the wheel of a car in Suva would make a New York taxi-driver take to prayer. . . . Photographs give you an idea of a Fijian's hair—a globular mass of wool double the size of his skull, thick and solid as mattress-stuffing. . . . But the photographs don't show the consequences of his dusting it with lime to keep off the sun. . . . That turns it purplish-red. Combined with purplish-black skin, the effect is something. . . .

Posthumous note for the author of Murder Considered as a Fine Art: the old Fijian war-club was a curved piece of wood like a small boat-davit with a spike carved at the business-end. It was bad form to bash in a man's head. Instead you had to peck a neat hole in the base of his skull with one deft application of the spike. . . . Maybe the first-class insulation provided by the Fijian coiffure had something to do with that convention. . . .

The Samoan knows all about can-openers these days. . . . Otherwise he eats coconuts and fish. . . . Since most of the local Samoan fish are mildly or actively poisonous when eaten, it takes a lot of fishing to make up a mess. . . .

Samoans are conservative. A while back the Navy imported an expert to lecture a sample lot of chiefs on the most scientific ways to raise coconuts and make copra. . . . When he'd finished, an old chief got up and said: "We don't do it that way." . . . And that settled it. . . . Not that it was important anyway. There isn't enough good palm-land on all Tutuila to make a boat-load of copra a year. . . . Which isn't a bad thing for Tutuila. Since the place offers little chance of profit to the white man, he has never bothered to ruin it. . . .

The governor's house is the most commodious residence in Pago, but it's completely overshadowed by the local church-buildings. . . . One of the churches would pass for the First Presbyterian in any sizable Middle Western town. . . . Samoans are an important ingredient in the Mormon colony round the big Mormon temple at Laie on Oahu in Hawaii. . . .

If an elderly Polynesian approaches you and says that (a) you are his friend and (b) he wants to give you a handful of handsome little shells, he will continue to point out that you are his friend until you make a present of four bits to his little boy. . . . Having put the shells in a trunk, you begin to wonder three days later what died in your stateroom. . . . The answer is the animals in the shells, which the Polynesian had not bothered to remove. . . . You can't blame him—it takes several months' burial in dry sand to get the original resident out of a shell without spoiling its lustre. . . .

At least three constellations in the Southern Pacific can be made to look like the Southern Cross. . . . The genuine article is the least conspicuous of the three. . . . It's much easier to identify on the New Zealand flag.

—J. C. FURNAS

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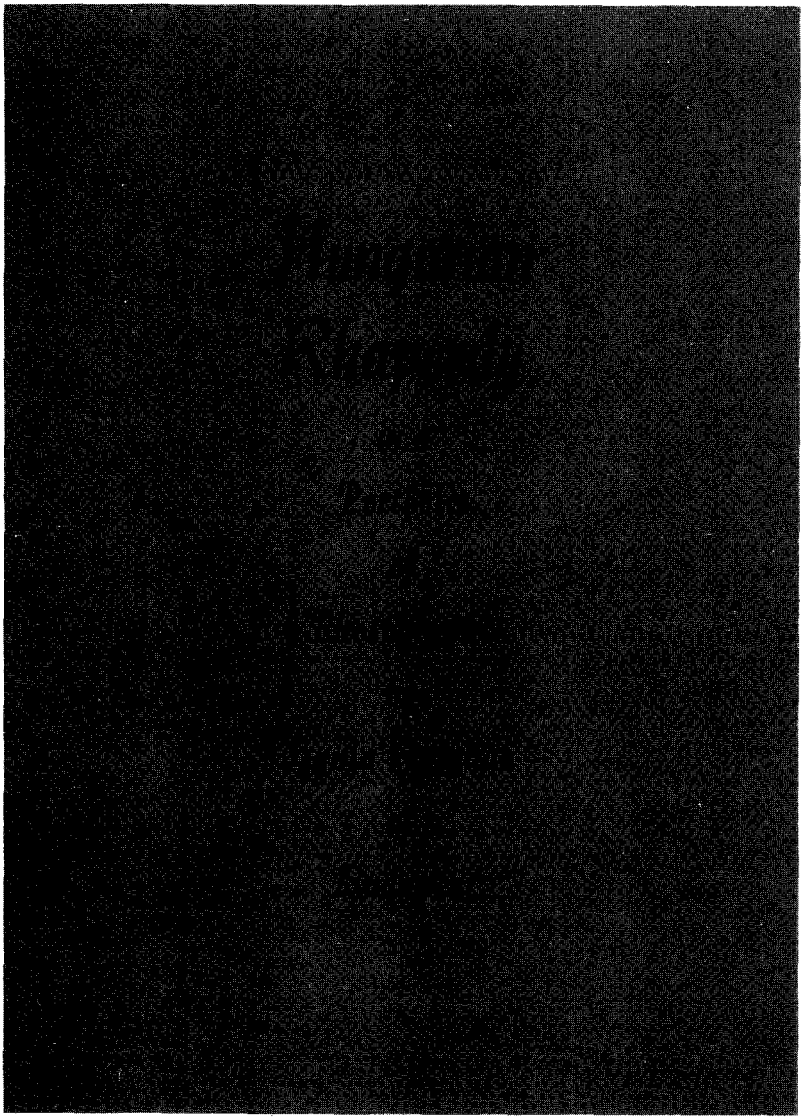

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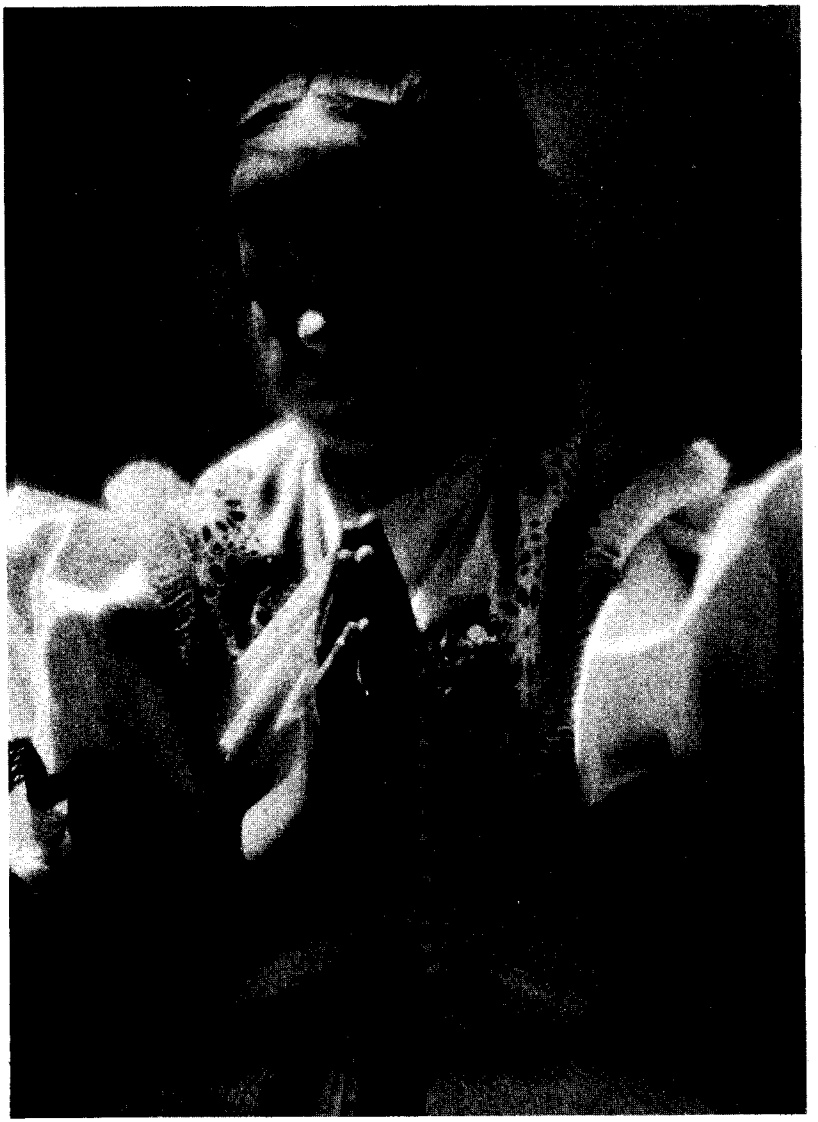

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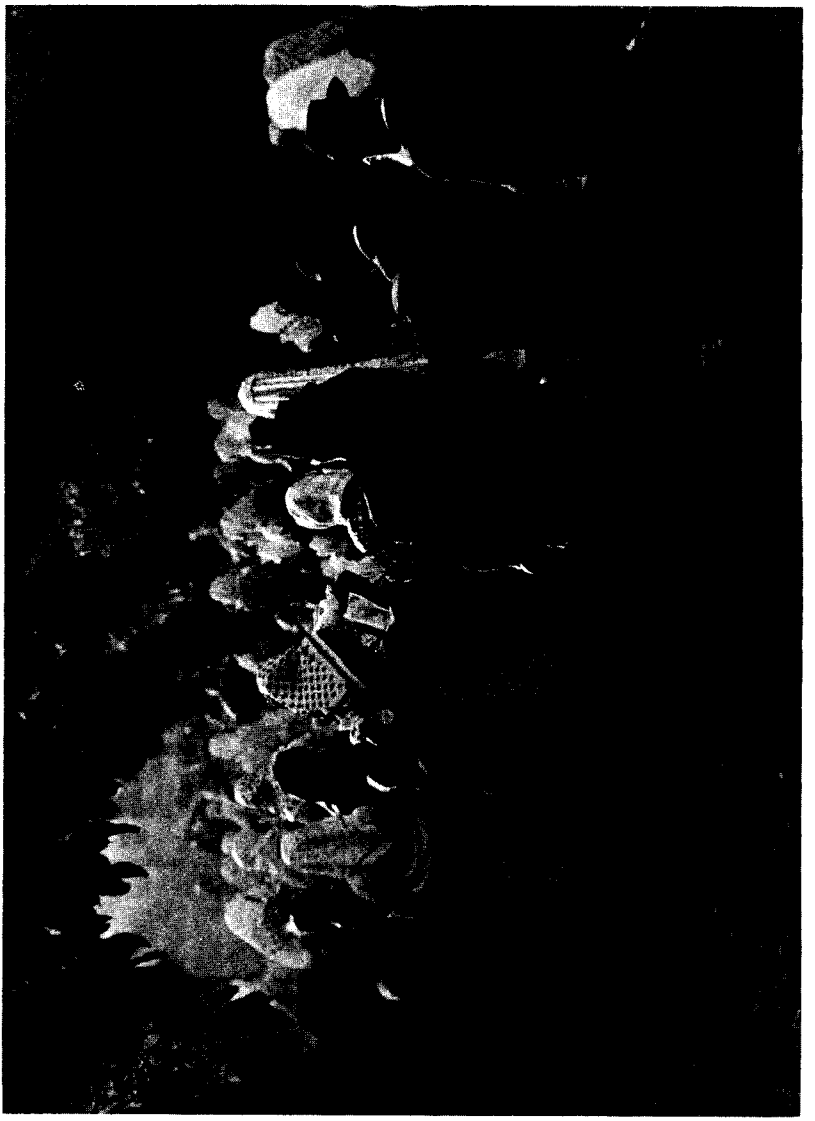

WEDDING FEAST PROCESSION

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BRIDES TO BE

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GOOD LITTLE BOY

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BAD LITTLE GIRL

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GIRLS TOGETHER

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GIRL ALONE

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MOTHERS SPIN . . .

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. . . WHILE DAUGHTERS DANCE

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LITTLE GIRLS WORK . . .

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. . . AND LITTLE GIRLS PLAY

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HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL . . .

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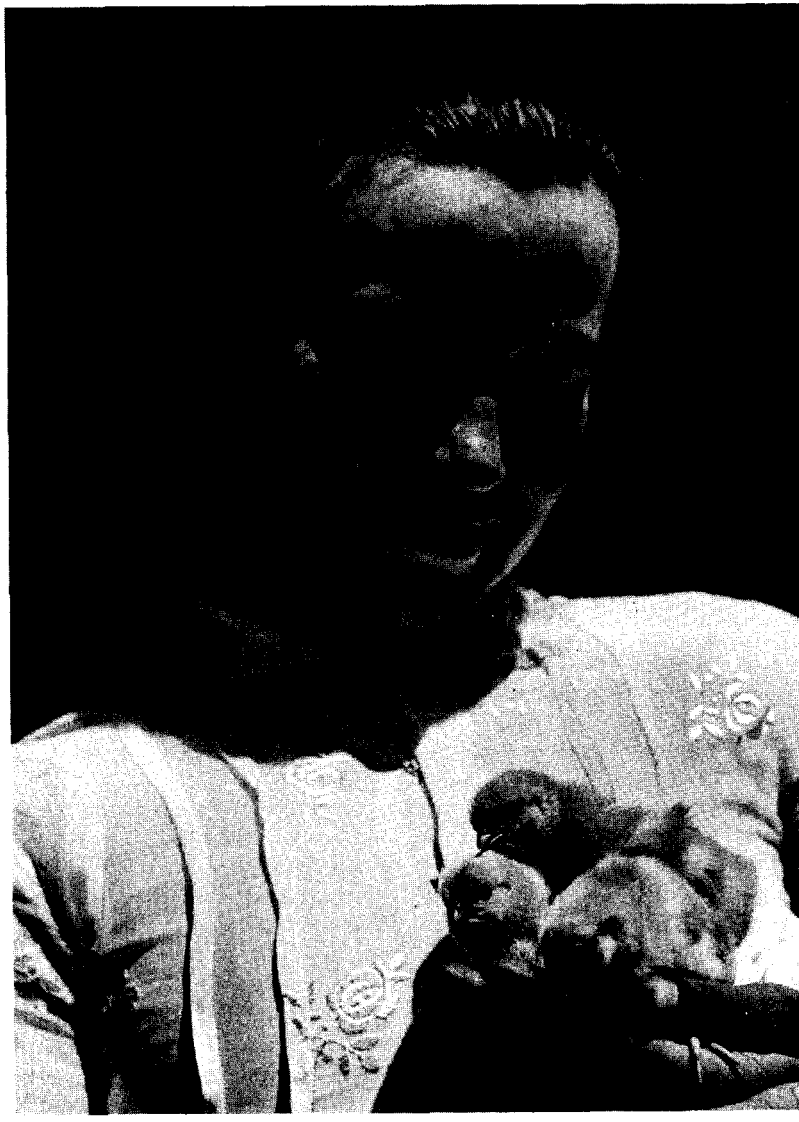

. . . AND LIFE GOES ON

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IDAHO PRIMITIVE

SOUTH THE SAWTOOTH SPIRES AND NORTH THE SEVEN DEVILS RANGE

I HAVE just spent two days flying over Idaho's wilderness from end to end and though I have seen magnificent vistas in my time and am mountain-born, I had the breath taken completely out of me.

If anybody reading this contemplates the overwhelming experience of flying that mammoth landscape of lakes and canyons and peaks he should not miss a most appropriate prelude. He should leave Boise two hours before daylight and discover what an undertaking in magic the coming of dawn can be upon Payette river and the mountains that flank it. At first, of course, the great denuded shoulders will be only piles of darkness with a shimmering rope of road lying from summit to summit and with the ravines looking as if they were storehouses of powdered coal. Later, as the east breaks, the highest zeniths will stand out faintly in golden gray light, and the sky overhead will melt softly into morning dusk. Sorcery will be busiest upon the river where the unshadowed water will flow like liquid light or where the shadowed reaches are like luminous moving darkness; or upon the forested blankets where the blackness of evergreens looks like utter night under a thin spreading veil; or upon the dusky flame of barberry and maple leaf, glorified but a week ago by the touch of frost. As the invisible sun rises, golden scarfs lie down from the peaks, and the coves of night thin veil by veil and the wooded walls are rendered tree by tree into their daylight pattern. The morning comes and the unreality of the stream dissolves into its form of bank and stone and cascade and the last of the night is withdrawn into cool dark pockets in the mountainside east or west.

The take-off from McCall, too, is entirely fitting. You will want to take the door off the cabin plane so that you will have unobstructed views for your camera; and if peering down at a limitless ocean of blue peaks makes you dizzy, you will want to rope yourself to a crossbar. Tales are told of reckless gentlemen who sit on a wing strut and thumb their noses at the mountain goats, but unless they are very portly the winds blow them off and this mode of travel has recently gone into disfavor. And now, with

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seven cameras ready, including two for moving pictures, we are ready to ascend.

We climb out of McCall above the deep blue loveliness of Payette Lake and the aspen green of its streams. A rocky slab of mountain in the east is gardened in crimson and gold to the highest summits, with tiny subalpine lakes like mirrors among the dense growth of fir and pine. In the west are mounds like piles of chalk. After we have risen a thousand feet, there comes suddenly and sharply into view a series of spires; and beyond them one sunken garden after another, each holding a green lake not much larger than a swimming pool. Another ridge swims into vision with a backbone that looks like a stupendous cleaver, and then gaze looks out and away eastward over a huge forested depression with backdrops rising in row on blue row to the farthest eastern reach.

We have not flown more than twenty minutes when we find ourselves looking down upon Warren, perhaps of all Idaho towns the strangest when seen from the air. The dredgings have made magic of the sand and it lies like a great washboard of mellow cream with its tracery thin and fine as if the whole picture below were a gray and golden etching. A few roofs are visible and timbered slopes fall down on all sides. Warren is one of Idaho's remaining frontier towns and is still a haven for gamblers; but these facts are insignificant against the memory of China Sam. Sam went to Grangeville when he was about fourteen and ran pack strings into the Thunder Mountain area. Later he settled in Warren and became so completely the custodian of the town's property and virtues that he came to be known as the Mayor of Warren and in legend the most honest man in the state. When residents left for vacations they turned their keys over to Sam, placing more trust in him than in an armed guard; but he was more than watchman-in-chief and the alert protector of residence and mine. He was baby-tender, too, and woodchopper for many an overworked housewife and made it his business to keep an eye on the woodpiles and water pails. As if all these Christian chores were not enough to pave his way to heaven, he carried mail to prospectors and trappers in outlying regions or journeyed out to learn if they were ill or dead if they did not appear in many days. Sam died in 1933 and Warren lost its keeper and Idaho one of its most remarkable citizens.

The neat sand dunes are behind us now and below us is the South Fork of the Salmon with its high barren flanks lying like broad sheets of burnished copper in the sunlight. In all directions vision comes to a dead end on far mountain ranges and haze at the farthest extremities floats like a mist on a purple sea running at full tide. The plane is still west of the Primitive Area, even though the terrain is an unbroken landscape of thousands of peaks. We now swing southward and go over the Pilot Peak

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Lookout which stands above eight thousand feet, over Mt. Eldridge which is more than a thousand feet above Pilot, with Elk Creek Summit, the highest point on the Knox-Burgdorf road, lying between the two. East of us is Edwardsburg, no more than a ranch that looks like a tiny pasture (and what a novel is buried there!); and to the right of us is lovely Logan Lake. Cougar Peak next thrusts sharply upward on our left, a patriarch reaching to almost ten thousand feet with a spawn of rugged summits behind it, and then we swim over the top of Rainbow Mountain, perhaps the most gorgeous sight under sunset in central Idaho. Not far beyond it is Roosevelt Lake which was once a town; and it is said that adventurous and thirsty souls still dive to the saloon and swim around among the beaver, trying to find the good old whiskey that is supposed to be there. Among towns destined for burial, Roosevelt has fared well: the lake is beautifully serene and the wooded backdrops around it are an impenetrable dusk.

Swinging northward we pass Suicide Rock from which a distracted man once hurled himself; and I find myself remembering the tale of John and Jim (the names are disguised), two Alaskan gamblers who lived for forty years on Crooked Creek, half way between Chamberlain and Thunder Mountain. Jim was a fiddler and it was the cunning rascal's habit to walk around in a den, fiddling furiously and glancing at the cards held, and then signaling to John the information by the dismal intonations which he gave to *Old Black Joe*. They are very old men now; and though they live twenty-five miles from a road, their house, immaculately spotless and with everything in its place, is one of the miracles of the Basin. For twenty minutes we have taken a bee-line north, with peaks appearing and vanishing on the green panorama of the map. In Chamberlain Basin the plane is set down and we go over for a look at the Al Stonebraker place, the only ranch undeserted in an area of three hundred thousand acres. The former Mrs. Stonebraker is Mrs. John Reeder now, a woman as plump as a pheasant and as cheerful as a bird on the first green twig, even though the end of the nearest road is twenty miles away. We are now in the heart of the most prolific elk region in the United States with the possible exception of the watersheds west of Jackson Hole. The elk are so many here that now and then they have to be scared off the landing field before a plane can be set down; the deer are so abundant that the Reeders have to build a nine-foot fence around their garden; and the trout in Fish Lake ten miles west are driven into sacks and carried out by the pailful. "And blue grouse," said Miles Howard, an old-timer with a beard like wire-netting and eyebrows each of which has enough hair to make a shaving-brush, "are so thick and so

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gol-darned foolish that we just take a stick and knock their heads off."

At noon of the next day we zoomed out of Chamberlain Basin and took a course due east over Grass Mountain and then bore south to the confluence of the Middle Fork with the Salmon river. I have seen the Alps, I have looked down into the gorge of the Seven Devils, and I have pondered the sculpturing of several famous Grand Canyons; but none of them took the breath out of me so completely as this magnificent depth of sheer walls and spilled peaks where two mighty rivers join their waters. More than a mile above the junction, and with indescribable architecture heaped in overwhelming grandeur on all sides, we circled twice and then headed south for the Big Horn Crags which we also circled with every camera busy. This range, the most rugged in the Northwest and possibly in the United States, is a great garden of bluish granitic monuments that stand in the sky with the tallest lifting to an altitude of more than ten thousand feet. They are all lean and stripped; and the hundreds of them taken together, with Ship Island Lake like an enormous emerald among them, offer next to the Sawtooth spires the most imposing vision of high wind-swept beauty in the state. These alone are more than worth the journey by air; but after leaving them we have other majesty of a different sort in the Impassable Canyon of the Middle Fork. This, the second deepest canyon on the North American continent, sinks to a depth of a thousand feet in excess of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; and though it has none of the rich coloring of that gorge, it is enough to take the breath out of anything but an eagle. We went up the whole length of it with the river like a path of dark moonlight more than a mile below.

The Blackie Wallace or Flying W Ranch is another ranch that has never been written. First owned by the Caswell brothers who discovered the Thunder Mountain area, it is picturesquely dramatic in its background, with a part of its history chronicled in murders that have grown into legends. Most spectacular of the killings is perhaps the one in which an enraged gentleman murdered another with a hayknife—and then swore that a bull did it. Blackie Wallace is a whole fable in himself, with not the least interesting of his eccentricities lying in the fact that his only son is named Bill Borah. Dramatic, too, was the clearing of the landing field here. When a man was crushed by a landslide, an SOS was sent to the forest service and to other agencies and men poured in, including the late Cougar Dave himself; and all night they labored to clear the field and at nine the next morning a plane swooped down for the injured man, the first plane, it is said, ever to land in the Primitive Area.

We have digressed, of course, for a look at the Soldier Bar landing field

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and the lonely little place that was Cougar Dave's on Big Creek; and on our way down the Impassable we note the few ranches along the river, each appearing to be from our height about the size of a tennis court. There is another book in the Mormon Ranch, another in the Jones Ranch, and a third in the Ramey place, each so far from the end of the nearest road that an Easterner would shudder to reflect that women and children live down there with only a pack trail leading out. But I forgot the ranches while looking at the views east and west beyond the canyon walls. Around me was the largest solid expanse of peaks and blue distance to be seen anywhere in the United States: a hundred miles or more in any direction, with each of the thousands of zeniths standing in a high and imperturbable integrity of its own.

Deciding that we were hungry, we asked the pilot to set us down—and down we went through six thousand feet to the landing field near the Milt Hood Ranch. We scrambled out and looked up but the infinite blue world is lost and we can see only the great denuded walls of the Middle Fork and the river that gurgles lazily now after the roaring zest of its spring floods. The Double O Ranch advertises that it is accessible only by pack train or by air and it does not exaggerate; nor does it need to be ashamed of the quality of its lamb chops.

If you decide to fly the Primitive Area—and such a journey will destroy a part of your wish to see Switzerland or Egypt or Tibet—you should plan on a night with a full lazy moon and you should not take off until after dark. We had been looking at the mountainous empire under a full sun. Now we climbed up out of darkness with the plane flashing like a great silver bird from shadow to moonlight and going round and round its orbit until we were six thousand feet above the river and sight cleared the lowest peaks and saddles to the landscapes east and west. The daylight journey is one of exuberance and the broad tumbled plateaus of distance and the candor of bright light. The journey under the ripe melon of a moon is one to make you sit like a hushed child above the incalculable wonder of the world below. Canyons fall away into darkness that have no visible bottoms; mountainsides lie in pale yellow fairylands or drop sharply into black space; and bald zeniths are pale and lonely with the glory of night. Lakes appear and flash like sheets of metal and roll away into gloom, and rivers and creeks appear and disappear like paths of frost. Forest lookouts are bright and small in their high desolation. An isolated ranch or mine or village is no more than an indistinguishable blur in the enormous deep valleys of the night. But the spectacle that will take your breath, the one vision that you will carry with you as long as you live, is the grandeur upon the pale moonlit altitudes of the Sawtooth Peaks. —VARDIS FISHER

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TRAINING THE OTTER

NEW COMPETITION FOR MAN'S OLDEST FRIEND AS OTTERS TAKE TO HUNTING

MAN'S staunchest friend and time honored hunting companion, the dog, may soon have to slink down the alley and take it out on the cats while his master goes hunting with a vivacious creature even longer and lower than a dachshund. At least, recent experiments with otters as retrievers promise some tough competition for the faithful pooch. But more astonishing than the idea that otters can take over this part of dogs' work is the fact that the whole matter was suggested by a pet otter to her master when he became impatient with one of his many dogs.

The discovery that otters can be taught to retrieve was made one morning when Mr. Emil Liers was hunting in the marshy bottomlands along the Mississippi River near his mink farm in Minnesota. Marinuka, a pet otter, born ten years before on the Liers fur farm, was allowed to accompany her master while he was shooting ducks and endeavoring to teach a young water spaniel to retrieve. Finally, one duck fell into a patch of dense reeds. Even after forcing the boat in as far as it would go, Mr. Liers was unable to reach the bird. A man could not wade the deep swamp, only a retriever could recover the duck. Again and again Mr. Liers coaxed and motioned, trying to send in the dog, but the pup would not venture into the slimy tangle. At last losing his patience, the hunter hurled the whimpering dog overboard. All the while Marinuka stood with forepaws pressed against the gunwale, sniffing about and muttering in her busy-body manner. As the dripping dog floundered back into the boat, the otter glided over the edge and without a splash slipped under the water. Her master scarcely noticed her boring into the swamp until suddenly he realized from her commotion that she was searching for the duck. Excitedly he called, "Bring it here, Marinuka. Bring it here."

Anxiously watching the tops of the reeds sway as she swam back, he waited until a limp mallard was shoved through the reeds an oar's length away. A whiskered face with a pair of small bright eyes peered up at him from under a wing. Mr. Liers almost capsized the boat in welcom-

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ing his newly discovered retriever.

But he was due just then for another surprise! Marinuka had not become a finished retriever all at once. When she climbed aboard, she refused to turn over the bird. In spite of her master's coaxing, cajoling and threatening, she sat in the boat, growling defiantly between mouthfuls, until only the feathers were left.

The next time the gun was fired Marinuka reared to survey the marsh and in a flash slipped into the water, paying no heed to her master's admonitions, "Come here! Leave that bird alone!"

To his amazement, she brought in the duck and gave it up willingly! Meanwhile the exasperating spaniel remained in the boat and wriggled all over at Marinuka's good work with this second bird.

Many times later Marinuka was taken duck and pheasant hunting. She performed excellently as a retriever—but she always ate the first bird. When her master tried to take that one by force, she fought and broke away. However, all subsequent birds she relinquished, chuckling good naturedly as she brought them in. The loss of the first bird sometimes left her master with none. Nevertheless, Marinuka was adamant.

Realizing that she would not give in, and now hopeful of training an otter which would retrieve without confiscating any of the birds, Mr. Liers started working with some of his younger pets. At first they were trained with balls and when they got the idea of giving up the object at the end of each retrieve, they were tried out with birds. These younger otters have performed excellently, giving up the first birds as readily as subsequent ones. As a result of the remarkable intelligence of this large member of the weasel family, Marinuka and the young otter are now being starred in news reels.

Notwithstanding the fact that the training is yet in the experimental stage, the young otters are promising to become highly desirable retrievers, especially in swampy areas. They can swim as well under water as above. Their sense of smell, keener than that of a dog, enables them to locate dead or wounded birds with ease. And in tangled swamps no dog can follow these powerful, streamlined swimmers. Moreover, they can be worked with dogs—with which they form excellent teams.

In addition to retrieving, the otter could undoubtedly be taught to track game. As in retrieving, the otters suggested this idea, also. One day I was following half a dozen tame ones along a stream when they crawled out and began sniffing about excitedly. Up the bank they scrambled. A hubub of churring and snuffling indicated that they had found something unusual. When I reached them they were standing at the mouth of a den, waving their long necks and dodging back. Frequently they went into holes which they found, but none

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of them could be induced to enter this hole. There were abundant fresh otter signs about, and undoubtedly wild otters were at home, and not desirous of receiving callers. A little farther along the stream the tame ones crawled ashore and trailed a mink to its den. Again at the base of a tree they located a woodchuck's burrow. One by one the otters sniffed in at the woodchuck. At his unfriendly chirp they left, talking to one another as they coasted down the embankment to the stream. The otters showed no desire to molest any of the wild creatures in their lairs, having none of the blood thirstiness of their weasel cousins. Their fun was in locating the habitation and nosing about. Their natural aptitude in locating dens, coupled with their peaceableness after finding the occupants, should make them valuable to hunters whenever animals are to be captured alive and uninjured.

The fisherman, as well as the hunter, might find the otter a valuable ally. Perhaps the otter would make an excellent substitute for alibis. Undoubtedly he could be trained to bring trout to the angler, thus enabling that gentleman to come in with an enviable limit, whether fish were biting or not. The fisherman could carry the otter along with his angle worms, thus concealing all evidence. Of course there is the danger that a retriever like Marinuka might take a notion to snitch the biggest fish rather than the first.

Although the idea of training pet otters is new and their aptitude as fish retrievers not determined, certainly the wild otters are friends of fishermen, slander to the contrary notwithstanding. Crawfish are their favorite food. These crustaceans eat the same kind of food required by fish fry and when the crawfish are allowed to multiply without their natural checks, they devour the food supply of small fish, causing the latter to starve out for want of food. By keeping down the number of crawfish, otters pay for the few large fish they catch.

But the possibility of the otter as an aid to sportsmen is by no means his only quality which appeals. Affection and loyalty, which men most admire in dogs, are even more deeply ingrained in the otter. He is more distinctly a one-man creature. The experience of a Bostonian who took a cub otter home in a Pullman illustrates well this trait. For two days and nights he kept the cub by his side in the compartment, every few hours warming milk for her, just as for a human infant. After the first day, whenever he left her alone, she chirped a shrill bird-like note until he returned. By the time they reached home, the otter further showed her attachment by snuggling in her new master's arms, nuzzling his face and murmuring contentedly. At home, she shared his bedroom, awakening him several times nightly by her cries for warm milk. During the day, when

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the man was at the office, his wife or children fed and catered to the young otter. They adored her—worship would more nearly describe their feelings—and naturally the otter returned their affection. After she had eaten, she expected and enjoyed romps with the children. But the moment her master stepped into the house, she was his. From then until he left the next morning, no one else mattered. Time has not altered this attachment, in spite of the otter's more constant association with the wife and children. Now grown, she still insists upon sleeping in her master's bedroom, but has moved from her basket on the floor to a portion of his pillow—and the major portion it is. During the night she slides out of bed, patters to the door and calls to be let out. A few moments later she scratches until let in, trots to the bed, scrambles up and sleeps till dawn.

The fidelity of this otter to her master is not unusual. Each of Mr. Liers' tame ones shows an equal loyalty to him. Once I saw Marinuka display marked courage in his defense. A large half-wild otter broke out of his pen while Marinuka was in the yard. Having previously taken a dislike to her, he attacked and surely would have killed her had not Mr. Liers come to her rescue. Naturally, when Marinuka saw him loose, she bolted in a panic while Mr. Liers pulled on heavy gloves and caught the semi-wild otter. The growling, snarling and scuffling that ensued brought Marinuka to a halt. She wheeled and reared. She saw her master thrashing in the grass, struggling with her dangerous enemy. Instantly her fear vanished. Back she galloped, straight for the larger otter. Between her master's arms she leaped. With utter disregard for her own safety she threw herself upon the other otter. Mr. Liers cuffed her aside. Over she rolled from the impact. Up she jumped and back she flew at the struggling enemy. His powerful jaws only spurred her to greater fury. Her attack could not be stopped until the wild one was lifted, now somewhat willingly, out of her reach and dropped into a sack.

It is evident that although the otter resembles a dog in certain qualities, he has a distinctly different nature. Paradoxically, even more devoted than a dog to its master, he has an independence of spirit not usually found among dogs. For example, a loyal otter which has had a long tramp may know what you mean when, upon approaching a stream or pond, you tell him to stay out of the water, but go in he will, if he takes the notion and has the chance. You can stop him if you outrun him. Then just as he sees that you are overtaking him he will drop, duck his head, press his chin to the ground, and squint in expectation of punishment. The moment your last whack has landed on his sturdy fur-cushioned body, the irrepressible creature will bob up beside you and begin chatter-

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ing as if nothing at all had happened. There is no hang-dog pout in him. But if you do not get away from the stream or pond, he will pretend an absorbing interest in some imaginary scent, all the while eyeing you and maneuvering nearer to the water. The moment you are off guard he will have another try.

Why, you ask, has such a valuable and appealing animal remained virtually unknown? There are two main reasons why the otter has not attained popularity as a pet. The first is the difficulty of keeping him alive in captivity. Many cubs have been captured and have lived for a short time, but few have been reared to maturity. Their omniverous diet requirements were not understood until recently. Also, the otter will not do well unless he is able to rub dry upon emerging from water. Furthermore, he cannot endure filth and if confined to the ordinary unsanitary cage, will soon sicken and die. Then, too, the otter is a creature of freedom, fitted by nature for roving on land or by water a dozen miles a day. Therefore, his spirit as well as his body requires frequent trips in the open along streams or shores. All of these constitute the problem of rearing and that, only recently, has been solved.

The second basic reason for the rarity of otter pets is the difficulty of breeding them in captivity. Mr. Liers is probably the only man who has ever succeeded in this, yet he has been only partially successful. Some years not a single cub is produced on his farm. The causes of these failures are still unknown, but the solution of the problem seems near.

Before long you may find yourself owning—and being owned by—a pair of these unique pets. Regardless of whether they are trained to aid in hunting or merely accompany you over hills and along streams, you will derive immeasurable pleasure from these exuberant, freedom-loving creatures. Your favorite dog will be fortunate, indeed, if he can waggle you out of a pat while you lead, follow, or carry your cherished otters. You will be entranced by their chucklings of delight at finding a new pool, or by their penetrating chirps of distress when, in their boyish eagerness, they follow a stream out of sight and suddenly break into a panic at having lost you. After a five mile swim and trek, when they halt and roll over on their backs under a tree, you will lie down with them and feel their lithe, velvety bodies draping over your own as they snuggle down for a half-hour's nap. And as you listen to their soft panting and snoring, you will take great comfort from the thought that the life span of the otter is probably at least half that of man—that your pets may be with you always.

Rare, indeed, is the sportsman who, coming back from a day's tramp with an empty bag, could feel disappointment, if he had been accompanied by a playful and devoted pair of otters. —WENDELL CHAPMAN

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HERE IS A LOVE STORY

OLD AS THE BABES IN THE WOODS
AND AS NEW AS NEXT YEAR'S SONGS

THE puppet-master manipulated Bessie's strings and the marionette came to life; she nodded her head to the little audience, bowed ridiculously, and waited.

The preposterous voice of the puppet-master issued from the lips of Alfred, who hobbled upstage cockily and squinted at the folk out front. "Never before and never since," nonsensically declared the speaker. "You've been here and you've been there, but you've never seen Bessie do 'The Death of the Swan.' Bessie, ably assisted by myself—if I do say it who shouldn't—will execute this intricate fantasy graphically, superbly, inimitably. It is Terpsichore with a capital terp, if you know what I mean—and I think you do. Let 'er rip, boys."

The two puppets went into the grotesque contortions of "The Death of the Swan." The absurd burlesque was met with gales of laughter from the audience. A close observer, however, might have noticed a Pagliacci-like agony on the lips of Alfred, who stared at Bessie in horrible fascination; with a backhand swipe he dashed a tear from his eye and leapt facilely into the climax of the dance. It was over. The curtain descended and the marionettes collapsed weakly to the stage in a tangle of arms and legs. A moan escaped from Bessie's prostrate form. Alfred tried to comfort her, but his muscles refused to obey his will. The puppet-master's assistant was putting them away. Quiet and darkness at last descended. Alfred finally dared to speak.

"I cannot abide our condition longer," he whispered. "Bessie. Speak. Will you come with me? Now. Tonight. We will run away."

"But where can we go, Alfred?" she said sadly. "We do not know the world. We do not understand it. And we shall be caught and returned to the show and the puppet-master will surely punish us, perhaps put us in the fan-dancer's routine. Or paint us over, even," she added drearily, "for the African hula."

"Women are without courage," said Alfred contemptuously. "I never in my life saw it to fail. What can we lose, anyway? I am sick and tired of this whole stupid existence. I want to breathe, to live, to—to live

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and breathe," he ended rather lamely.

"That is how I feel too," said Bessie. "But—"

"Well, then, come. Let us flee," he cried importunately. Alfred had been reading some old melodramas and his language in this situation unconsciously turned to the cloying.

They shook the kinks out of their bodies and stepped out of the box. They slunk through the darkness of the little theatre and out into the night. Bessie trembled with fear. "Do not be perturbed, little one," said Alfred. "Just act as though we owned the place. This is great. We'll procure lodgings, have a sound nap, and be ready for what is in store in the morning."

They spied an open cellar door, crept into the basement, and curled up on an old mattress. "Just temporarily," said Alfred. "Until we can get more properly located."

"I was thinking . . ." Bessie hesitated.

"What?"

"Well, er—this is all pretty, er, unconventional. People, you know, Alfred. You know how people talk. After all, sleeping together like this—well, you know what I mean."

"Bessie," said Alfred tenderly. "Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Alfred! I hadn't thought about it. I just really hadn't."

"Well, go to sleep, then, and shut up. I'm tired. We'll talk about it in the morning." And in a moment she could hear a snore issuing from his larynx. She wiped a tear from her eye. Men were such strange creatures. She stared at the darkness and wondered what the morrow would bring.

"This is the life," said Alfred in the morning, having apparently forgotten their conversation of the night before. "Let's go out and see what makes the world tick."

"Very well," said Bessie. "I'm hungry."

"We never got hungry in that box," said Alfred. "I think it is a good sign. There's a bakery."

"We have no money," said Bessie.

"That's nothing," said Alfred. "We'll go into our dance and pass around the hat. Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried, attracting a crowd. "Never before and never since. Bessie here, ably assisted by myself, will execute the intricate fantasy of 'The Death of the Swan.' Let 'er rip, boys."

"Here, here," said a policeman. "You can't give a public exhibition without a license."

"Thank you, officer," said Alfred. "Where do we get one?"

"How should I know?" said the officer. "All I do is arrest people. Run along now before I run ye in."

"We are hungry," said Bessie.

"A little food'll fix that," said the officer, trying to be facetious.

They walked away. "I wish we hadn't left the show," said Bessie.

"Can it, woman," said Alfred. "How can one appreciate the sweet without knowing the bitter? That is philosophy. Hegel or somebody.

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Let's swipe a bunch of those bananas and run like hell."

Sated with bananas, they wandered along the avenue and spied a movie theatre. "I have always wished to visit the cinema," said Alfred. "They say the performers are the highest paid puppets in the world. We can sneak in the back way. Follow me."

They watched intently the drama on the screen. The play kept getting duller and duller until, with a superb effort, it fizzled out completely.

The newsreel was better. It showed a long line of grey ships, then switched to a governmental chamber in which a bald man with a beak like an eagle explained that we should build 100 more warships and then discard fifty of them in order to further the cause of disarmament. Alfred thought it was very logical. The picture showed a bevy of quintuplets, a pig that could count and a swimming pool at the Miami-Biltmore and a horserace and some French fashions.

"This is the life," said Alfred outside. "I am figuring out a scheme already to make myself some big dough."

"What is that?" asked Bessie.

"Competition is the soul of enterprise," said Alfred. "Adam Smith or somebody. These government people have got things all their own way. Slap on juicy taxes and so on and what are you going to do about it—buy from the other guy? I figure a fellow with some get-up could start another government, see. And—"

"I think that's treason," said Bessie. "There's a law against it."

"Well, I'm getting hungry again and we need some money," said Alfred. "We can't put on our dance, and I'm sick of bananas. What's next?"

"I heard the puppet-master talking about Relief one day," said Bessie. "He said he was thinking of going on Relief."

"You don't go on Relief," said Alfred. "That's something you get from aspirin. Aspirin! I've got an idea. Come along."

Alfred hurried her into a drugstore. He accosted the clerk and asked for a large bottle of aspirin. When it was wrapped up and the clerk handed it to him, Alfred said confidently, "That'll be fifty cents, please."

The clerk's mouth gaped open. "That's what I'm supposed to say," he said, a little hurt.

"Do you want this aspirin or don't you?" said Alfred severely. "Pay for it and let us go."

The clerk, dazed, took the aspirin, opened the register, and handed Alfred a half dollar. "There's something screwy about all this," he mumbled, scratching his head.

"And a penny tax," said Alfred.

As they made for a cafeteria Alfred laughed. "Intelligence is judged by the speed with which an individual becomes used to a new idea. Spinoza? No, I think I made that up myself." Someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was the drug clerk.

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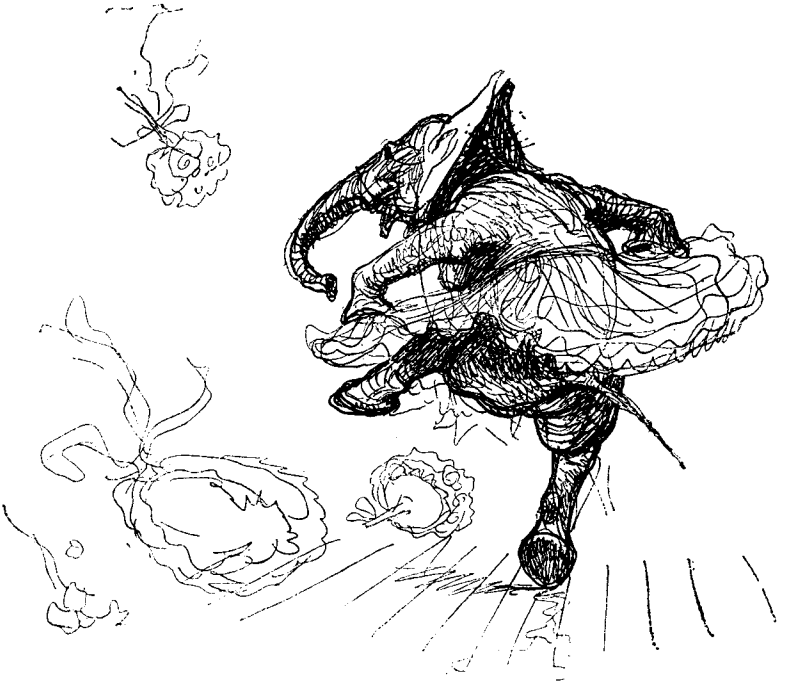

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"You forgot the aspirin," said the clerk.

"That's all right," said Alfred grandly. "Just keep it. You're the one who's going to have the headache."

After they had eaten five bowls of soup apiece they sought a bench in the park. A man was making an impassioned speech. "Here's where we get a slant on economics," said Alfred.

"It has become fashionable, with our passion for order," cried the orator, "to permit science to assume that chaos is a phenomenon or, at worst, simply a part of a larger circumstance the complete viewing of which will reorder itself into its proper pattern—that is, chaos is an insufficient hypothesis!"

"Hear, hear!" yelled an enthusiastic listener, hitching up his overalls.

The speaker blazed up. "I prefer to think with John Langdon-Davies, who says with some humor: 'That the universe has no purpose whatever, from the human or any other point of view, is the overwhelming fact which you pretend to accept with equanimity.'"

"What is he talking about?" asked Bessie.

"I don't know," said Alfred. "He sounds like the puppet-master after a bout with Bacchus. Let's get out of here. They certainly have got some wonderful buildings in this town."

"I was reading a love story the other night," said Bessie. "It was very beautiful. In the end they got married."

"Mere stone does not make a civilization, however," said Alfred.

"The hero was a tall American, 23, an engineer," said Bessie.

"Art is a natural outgrowth of the competitive system," said Alfred. "Crass materialism makes man hunger after beauty."

"The heroine's father objected to the marriage, of course. But they eloped."

"On the other hand," Alfred replied, "it produces too much of what I like to term inessential wealth."

"No one could keep them apart," said Bessie. "At the end of the story they were clasped in a deathless embrace."

"Let's go to a nightclub," said Alfred.

"I haven't a thing to wear," Bessie protested. "We could go back to the park when it's dark; maybe the crazy man'll be gone and we can sort of sit and just kind of talk and all. Like lovers and so forth, you know." She hung her head shyly.

"Go just as you are," said Alfred. "I'd like to see one of the real fan-dancers. They say they don't have a single—"

"Oh, Alfred," said Bessie, breathing deeply. "Isn't that simply a gorgeous moon coming up? Don't you remember what you said last night?"

"Sure," said Alfred. "To live and breathe. That's what I want. I've got to figure out some way of making a pile of dough." He stared off into space, absorbed.

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"Men are made of dreams that never come true," murmured Bessie, a furtive tear coursing down her cheek. "Santayana or somebody."

"No sir," said Alfred, taking her arm. "You're not going to get me to eat any more bananas. I'd like to go to Europe. Foreign countries. They say you can live like a king in Paris on 10 francs a month. I'm hungry again."

Alfred thought he recognized someone. "Don't I know you?" he asked.

"Why, I think I recognize you folks too. You're marionettes in Luigi's puppet-show. I'm the wax dummy in the clothing shop next door."

"How are you. This is Miss Bessie. I'm Alfred."

"The name is Handsome," said the dummy. "What's new?"

"Oh, just looking around. We took a run-out powder, so to speak."

"I see. Well, it's a tough racket when you're on your own. I have to sashay around and keep my eye on the fashions for the old man." He cast a keen eye over Bessie's figure, a movement that was not lost on Alfred. "But it's a living," he added. "In these times you take what you can get."

"True enough," said Alfred, who was taking a dislike to the fashionably attired dummy.

"My word, I've got to dash," said Handsome, consulting his watch. "You folks doing anything in particular tonight? We're getting up a little shindig."

"Well, we sort of had a nightclub in mind," said Alfred.

"Why not come up to the place?" said Handsome. "And bring the little woman. What do you say?" he spoke directly to Bessie. "I'd like to see more of you."

"Let's skip it this time," said Alfred hurriedly. "I've just remembered. We have a date." And he bustled Bessie off down the street.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Bessie. "We haven't got any date. He seemed like such a nice gentleman. I can't figure you out, Alfred. Just when we could have had a nice time—"

"Listen," said Alfred. "Couldn't you see he was making a play for you?"

"What do you care if he was?" said Bessie pettishly. "You haven't got any romance in you. Why, you weren't even listening when I was saying—"

"I heard every word you said," Alfred declared. "About moonlight and deathless embraces and holding hands in the park and so on."

"Why, I never said a single thing about holding hands," Bessie protested. "Alfred, I think you're just mean. You made me leave home to see the world; you promised me adventure, life and adventure. And what have we done? Stolen some bananas, seen a bum movie, and listened to a tramp in the park. Life! Do you call that life?"

"What do you want me to do?" said Alfred. "I wanted to take you to a nightclub but you didn't want to go. After all—"

"Nightclub! So you could watch

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fan-dancers. We've got fan-dancers right in our own show."

"Not like the ones in the night-clubs," Alfred smiled.

"Frankly, I don't think your old world is so hot. It's dull. It's stupid."

"Where's your imagination, woman? Look up at those lights in the buildings. Behind each window lurks some marvelous story, some of them gay, some tragic, but fascinating, all of them. There is endless wealth to be sought. Think of the universe spinning through the night, with a million million dreams all melting together in the starry heaven. Think of beauty and terror and the joy of being alive, of opportunity, and the wonder of countless souls seeking happiness, undefined. Think of life producing and reproducing, of nature in its loveliness, of women having babies—"

"You think of it," said Bessie primly. "I was brought up not to have vulgar thoughts."

"Babies aren't vulgar," said Alfred.

"Think of where we are going to sleep tonight," said Bessie. "Think of that while you're at it. And I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry."

"Can I help it if I'm always hungry? I can't eat dreams. I want to go home. I want to go back to the puppet-show, Alfred."

"But gee, honey, there's no future in it," Alfred said.

"If you loved me you'd take me back."

"I know, honey, but—"

"Come on, Alfred. It's getting late. We can sneak back into the box and no one'll know the difference."

"All right, all right," said Alfred. "But I'm telling you. I'm getting a big idea. Listen. Listen to this. Why couldn't we put on our own puppet show? Make some real marionettes and give some real plays. You know—Eugene O'Neill and Shaw and Pirandello and so on. Say, we'd have 'em out in the aisles. Hamlet. We could do Hamlet. I can see it on Broadway. Why, before you know it we'd have road shows all over the—"

"Are you coming, Alfred, or aren't you?"

"All right. I'm coming. But, gee—!"

They slunk through the darkness of the theatre and lay down in the box that had been fashioned for them. Bessie fell suddenly to sleep. Alfred could hear her regular breathing. His thoughts kept him awake far into the night. If only— If only. . . .

Now the preposterous voice of the puppet-master issued from Alfred's lips once more. "Never before and never since," he declared. "You've seen 'em here and you've seen 'em there, but—"

Alfred mumbled to himself under his breath, "—But you've never seen as big a sucker in your life as I am."

Continuing, "—but you've never seen the incomparable Bessie do 'The Death of the Swan.' She will execute this marvelous fantasy graphically, superbly, inimitably—ably assisted, if I do say so, by your humble servant. Hit 'em, boys." —Louis Paul

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

HAND

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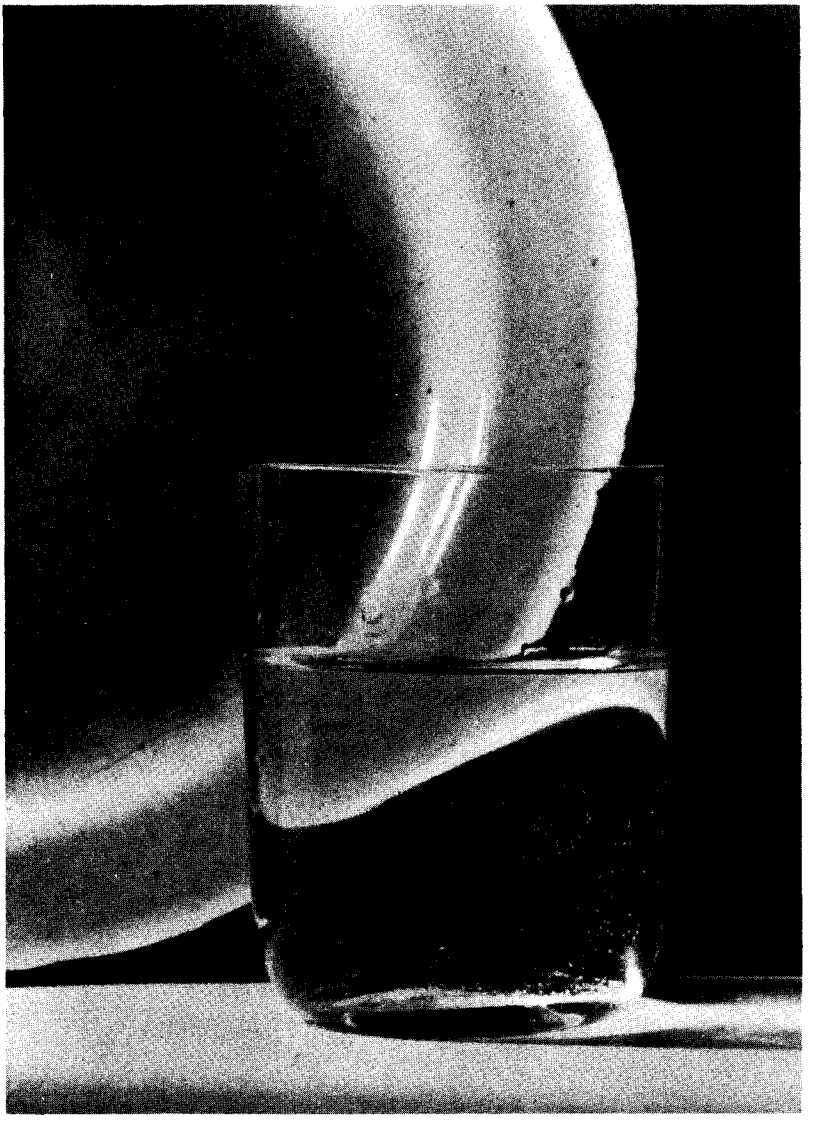

STEEF ZOETMULDER SCHIEDAM, HOLLAND

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OTHMAR TATZEL CZECHOSLOVAKIA

WHITE ON THE EVERGREEN

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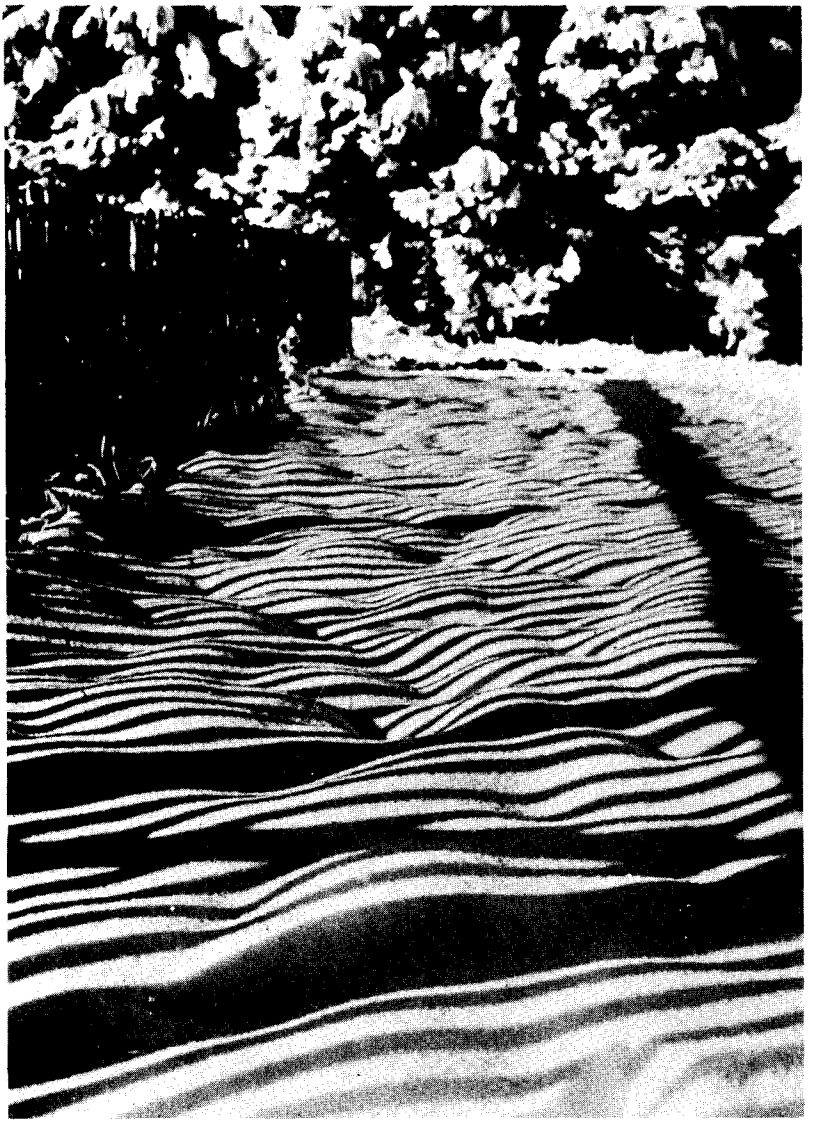

EUROPEAN PHOTO

SNOW PATTERNS

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DR. J. KUNSZT BUDAPEST

SPRING SONG

CORONET

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EIDENBENZ BLACK STAR PHOTO

OPENING FROND

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DORIEN LEIGH, LTD. BLACK STAR PHOTO

JUMBO SALUTE

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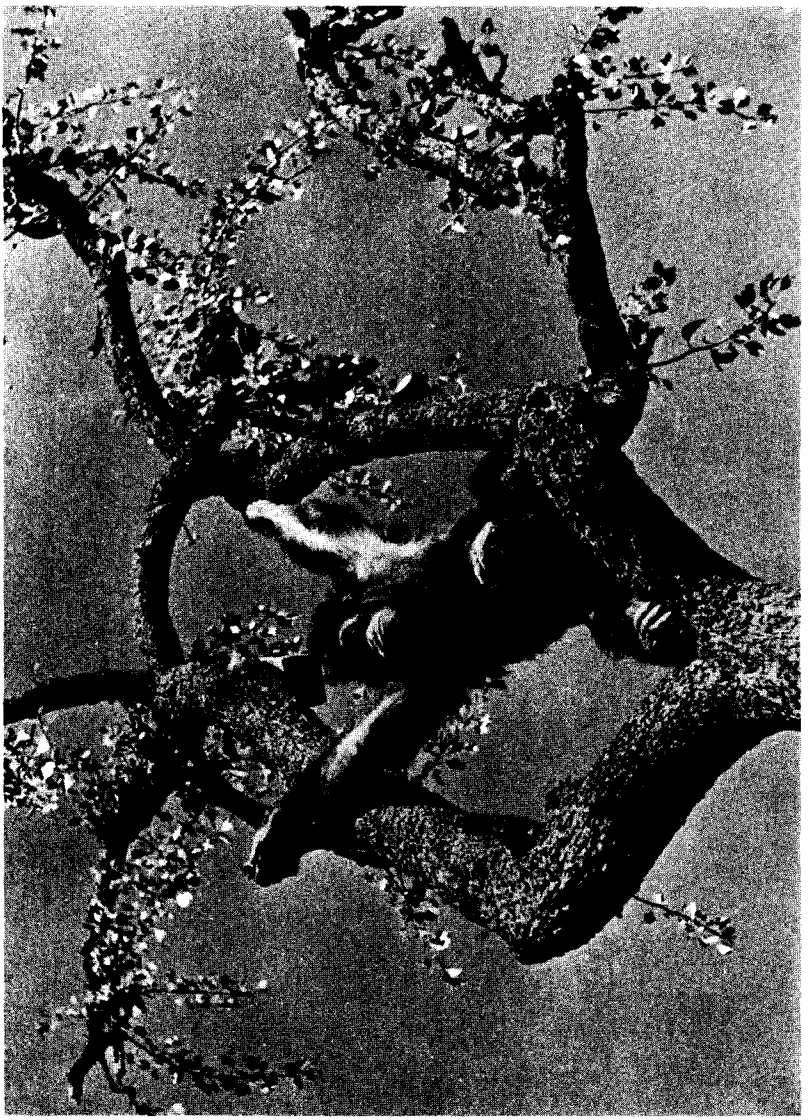

SCHÄRER BLACK STAR PHOTO

UP LOOKING DOWN

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EDWARD QUIGLEY PHILADELPHIA

SPORTSMAN

CORONET

74

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HAROLD M. LAMBERT PHILADELPHIA

CONSERVATIVES

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BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

SEEK IN VAIN FOR A WINTER WIND
AS COLD AS THE HEART OF A SNOB

ONCE Ruth Maxwell had lived in the cabin down by the swimming dock, a tiny, two-room affair. It hadn't been too comfortable for the baby.

But that was nineteen years ago. Now the baby had a husband to keep her comfortable, and Ruth had a cabin all her own, not rented, but bought outright, on the edge of Jensen's property. Enough beds for seven guests, and two baths. A living room with a stone fireplace that gave heat to the whole house. A private dock. The best at Jensen's. The best, she liked to think, in Lakeville. The best, she liked to say, in Maine.

Ruth, having reached the top, didn't want it kept a secret. New arrivals, after what she deemed sufficient time to make them realize the shabbiness of their own quarters, were proudly taken through the timbered cabin, graciously offered the use of "my dock." Provided, of course, that Ruth considered them worthy additions to her crowd of summer friends.

Her friends were all like her, from rich New York or Baltimore or Philadelphia families, respectable members of country clubs and the Republican party, their husbands brokers or lawyers or show manufacturers. A few of them were millionaires, more of them were not.

Because, after all, what reliable standard did Ruth have to judge others by—except wealth? With wealth you moved, restlessly, ambitiously, from one social stratum to another. You moved from Westchester to Long Island, from high school to prep school, from golf to polo.

And if you were poor you didn't move at all. You stayed in your steaming tenement, and you never thought about your rich contemporaries in Maine, and the richer ones in Biarritz. You never thought about them because they didn't seem like you, any more than the people who lived in sunlight, and air, and freedom.

It was a comfortable feeling, thought Ruth, to know that this was her domain. This, not even marked on a map of the country, a small dot on the end of a blue line on the map of Maine the Socony man gave you

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with your ten gallons, was her realm, her dominion, by right of priority, by right of good hard work.

You had to keep yourself noticed if you wanted to stay in power. You had, occasionally, to remind the younger generation that it was inadvisable to parade to the village in a halter and a pair of shorts. You had, always, to have at your disposal the latest and most brutal gossip, and you had, often, to pass it on, to show that you still had your finger on the pulse of all these July and August lives. It was always fun, on a rainy afternoon, to go to Ruth's and help turn a knife in your best friend's back.

Jensen's had been a quiet place when Ruth first knew it. It was a place for people who went to the woods because they liked the woods. They liked fishing and hunting and boating. They liked to lie around in old clothes, go to bed early, and, getting up early, plunge into the lake, naked. They liked entering the communal dining hall in corduroys and flannel shirts, and sitting on the porch later, listening to the loons and watching the blood orange moon ride over the pines.

Ruth had changed that. Now you came to dinner in a clean dress, or a clean shirt, with a tie. You wore a tie, or your fellow visitors wondered why not, not always silently. If you were a woman, you brought along your country club clothes. If you were a man, you hid your corduroys and flannels and wore gabardines and linens. No matter who you were, you didn't watch the moon, and you didn't listen for the wail of the loon, because after your dinner, if there wasn't a dance somewhere, you had a bridge game scheduled. You didn't have much time during the day to go off into the woods, because you had to play golf in the morning, and there was always a cocktail party before dinner, which once had been supper.

The Jensens didn't care. As long as Ruth and her friends brought more friends, and as long as they brought money, the Jensens were satisfied. They were, with three children to bring up, pretty material people.

Millie Jensen looked up at the sound of a car coming down the narrow path from the main road.

"Guests," she said simply and briefly, and Al Jensen swung his feet off the desk and carefully maneuvered them onto the floor.

"Must be the Dillons," she added. "Due today, for two weeks."

Al grunted assent. "Up in Six, Mil?" he asked.

Millie took a look at the car that squeaked to a stop beside the mud-spattered geranium boxes along the steps.

"Chevvy," said Millie. "Cabin Five will do."

After twenty-five years of running a summer camp, she found it pretty easy to judge her visitors by their cars. There was no point, she had concluded, in lavishing one's hospitality on unknowns who arrived in cheap

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cars. Her steady visitors owned more expensive makes; so did their friends. Millie, who catered to snobs, was somewhat of a snob herself. Her camp, she assured herself, would never turn into an overnight stopping place for touring families in 1929 Fords.

Mr. Dillon, leaving his wife to untangle a maze of golf clubs, tennis rackets, and other equipment that cluttered up their car, bounded up the steps and strode into the lodge, hand outstretched to the proprietary-looking Jensens.

"How do you do. I'm Mr. Dillon. Did you get my wire?"

Millie nodded. Al brought out the visitors' book, and dipped a pen into the ink well that was, unprecedentedly, filled.

In the carefully lined column, under M. Mitchell and party, recently arrived from Baltimore, under D. Hurley, J. Baxter, and F. Goodwin, three boldly written names from Paterson, he inscribed, "Mr. and Mrs. J. Dillon, New Rochelle, N. Y."

No one ever found out what the "J." stood for.

"This is Mrs. Dillon," he announced as his wife joined him.

She wasn't at all like her husband. Her cool blond slimness served to accentuate his dark heaviness. He was short, broad, bald. Little eyes and big nose. You could remember what she looked like when she was with him, but by herself she faded into insignificance, and you recalled only a small, quiet person with a devoted look in her eyes and a trace of fear around the corners of her mouth.

They had obviously been married only a short time, and she acted as if she was still trying to convince herself that she was really a part of this strange man at her side. When she talked, she said "I," and then stopped and changed to "We."

"You'll want to wash," said Millie. "Mr. Jensen will show you your cabin, Cabin Five. Nice location. Up on the hill where you can see the lake, and it's quiet all day long."

She neglected to add that it was thirty feet from the woodpile, and that every morning, at four o'clock, Pete, the hired hand, would be around with his wheelbarrow, gathering, and not too infrequently dropping, the huge logs which took the place of coal or oil.

"Thanks," Mr. Dillon said. "Looks like a nice place you have here. I was told about it by Ed Sawyer."

Millie nodded. Mr. Sawyer, Ruth Maxwell's brother, had been coming up for many years.

"He said we'd like it here—swell crowd. I don't seem to know any of them," he had glanced at the register, "but Mr. Sawyer said the Maxwells would take care of that. Would you tell me which their cabin is?"

"That's Mrs. Maxwell there, on the porch, playing backgammon. The one with her hair in curlers."

"Thank you very much. Dear—" Mr. Dillon swept along his wife with one arm and started for the porch.

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HEINRICH KLEY

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HEINRICH KLEY

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"Be right with you, Mr. Jensen."

Mr. Jensen was not kept waiting long.

Ruth, of course, knew all about the Dillons. She'd known they were coming for weeks. Had known from Ed, who'd said, in one of his letters: "You may have some visitors soon, a young couple from New Rochelle. They're an innocuous pair, Dillon by name. He's a florist here, and the other day he asked me if I knew of any place in Maine where he could spend a couple of weeks with his wife. Of course, the first place I thought of was Jensen's. Hope you don't mind."

She did mind. And Ed knew she would, or he never would have added those words to his letter. She minded because she didn't like to have people around who weren't part of her group. To Ruth, you were "one of us" or you were nonexistent. And although she had seen the car drive up, and had seen, without turning her head too noticeably, the young couple come up the steps, who were obviously those Dillons—"A florist!" she had told Frank indignantly—she didn't move now, as they came toward her. She rattled the dice vigorously and sent them spinning over the cork surface of the board.

"Mrs. Maxwell?"

There was both inquiry and cordiality in that question.

Ruth slowly turned her head. She made no move to rise. She turned her head, and at the same time scooped in the dice and dropped them into the tumbler, one after the other.

"Yes?"

"I'm Mr. Dillon, and this is my wife. Mr. Sawyer, who sent us here, told us to look you up."

His right hand was extended. Ruth's still held the tumbler.

"How do you do," said Ruth.

As far as anyone knew, those were the only words she addressed to either of them during their stay.

For fully thirty seconds the Dillons stood there. They looked at Ruth, who was planning her move, and then they looked at her opponent, Mrs. Erskine, who had suddenly seen a bird, or something, on the lake, and whose subconscious interest in nature had burst forth without warning.

For fully thirty seconds they stood there, and then he took her arm, and turned away.

"You'll excuse us," he said to Ruth. "We've been driving all day and my wife's tired. We'll see you later."

Mrs. Jensen looked at Mr. Jensen, and said nothing. Mr. Jensen spat into a clump of shrubs at the side of the path, picked up an armful of luggage, and led the Dillons to their peaceful cottage.

"I wonder," said Ruth softly, casually, after they'd left, "if they're really married."

That was all she said about them. But Mrs. Erskine heard. She heard, and so, in due time, did Mrs. Coughlin, who couldn't resist repeating the tale next time she played bridge with

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the Mmes. Lovejoy, Maitland, and Smith.

"Have you heard," she said, "about them?"

A vague gesture in the direction of the woods served to indicate who "they" were. The gesture was superfluous. In less than two days it had become very clear. It had become clear enough the first night, when, stalking into the dining hall, Mrs. Maxwell had looked at the Dillons, had looked through the Dillons, had passed on.

It isn't so bad, thought Mr. Dillon, that night, as his wife, saddened, frightened, lay asleep at his side, it isn't so bad having them act like this, not for me. But it's tough on her, and he stopped and listened for the soft, regular, breathing. She's young, and honest, and sincere, and she has faith in human kindness and the brotherhood of man and the other worn idols we're supposed to revere. She knows we're as good as anyone else—but she can't understand why they think we're not. Why? he thought, and he wanted to yell aloud. Why must they think so? We're not as rich as they are. We're not as smart as they are. But we're as clean as they are. Cleaner. More wholesome. Can money mean that much? Can money, and the social position that comes from it, mean so much that we, whose parents weren't as rich as theirs, have to be ostracized? We just want to be friendly, want to talk, and play, and dance, and drink with them, like anyone else. But they don't want us. Why?

It was too bad there was no angel to appear at his bedside, no angel, holding a long parchment scroll, who could have answered him, softly, wisely, telling him, and his sleeping wife, to go, to go away, to go back to New Rochelle where he, J. Dillon, was a respectable, respected florist. To go somewhere, anywhere. But to go.

They didn't go, right away. They stayed on, because he didn't know what to say to her, and she, still scared, more scared than ever, didn't say anything. They stayed, because he hoped, she prayed, that they'd get on, get in, belong. For days, for a week, every day, when they went down to the lake, eleven miles long, there was no one else swimming. Only the children, who, not being educated, were honest, and sincere, and unbiased.

When they approached the lone tennis court, he and she, he swinging two rackets, she holding a net ball bag, they had a paralyzing effect on both players and spectators. Those who were on the court finished in a hurry, and dashed off to the lake. Spectators, looking at their watches, gasped and disappeared, late for imaginary appointments.

The Dillons, had they been tennis experts, wouldn't have minded, because they usually had the court all to themselves. But they weren't experts. They were just average you

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and I's, who wanted, like you and me, to get out on a tennis court and bang away with some other couple. They couldn't have enjoyed their tennis much, because she wasn't as good as he, and their one set singles matches were always a runaway for him.

After one set they stopped, and returned to their cabin. "The heat," she explained, proudly, defensively. But there was no one to hear her explanation, except her husband, and she knew he didn't believe her.

Jensen's buzzed with activity on the Dillons' sixth day there. The Maxwells were giving a party, their annual party, for the whole camp, young and old, at the Willow Lodge down the road. All day long cars raced back and forth, making last minute preparations. All day the children, who knew that this evening would be a special one, different from other usual early-to-bed evenings, were excited, impatient, expectant. Their parents, who liked to think that all their evenings were unusual, special ones, wondered who would be the drunkest.

At six-thirty the last of the cars pulled out of the driveway and purred up the road—the last but one.

That car remained there all evening. It was a Chevrolet.

At seven o'clock you couldn't hear, at Jensen's, the noise coming from the Willow Lodge, but you knew that Mr. Lovejoy and Mrs. Maitland, and Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Lovejoy, were getting drunk, not gracefully, but effectively. You knew that Ruth, who didn't drink, was drinking, daringly, coyly, and that she was dashing up and down the room in a much too flowery dress, supervising the activities that, after a while, would need no supervision.

At seven o'clock, too, two couples sat down to dinner in the Jensens' dining room. One couple was the Jensens, at their linoleum covered table near the swinging kitchen door.

Near the center of the room, in solitude, in silence, sat the Dillons. They didn't have to ask where everyone else was. They couldn't help knowing. They had overheard, on the porch, at the tennis court, before it was suddenly vacated, snatches of conversations: "Seven o'clock?" . . . "At the lodge, of course—Willow" . . . "I'm wearing my blue."

They hadn't overheard, two nights before, Frank Maxwell's "But Ruth, won't it look funny, everyone else, except them?"

And Ruth's answer: "It won't look funny to anyone except them. We didn't ask them to come here, did we? And besides, you've heard, they aren't even married. They don't stop to think how that looks to us."

Frank had said "Well—," and Ruth had bustled off to tell Mrs. Jensen there would be only two guests for dinner on Friday.

They couldn't hear, at nine o'clock, sitting on their porch, alone, in the dark, twenty loud voices singing, drunkenly, around the piano at the

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Willow, the clever words that Mrs. Erskine had penned that afternoon.

In their solitude
They came here . . .
In their solitude
They'll leave us . . .

Very few people were up the next morning when Pete and his wheelbarrow and the Dillons' baggage moved with funeral stateliness down the path to the lodge.

Mr. Jensen, who knew they were scheduled to stay a week longer, had their bill waiting when Mr. Dillon silently approached the desk. Mrs. Jensen hastily undertook a tour of inspection in the kitchen. No need to say goodbye. Her goodbyes meant *au revoir*.

And nobody, not Ruth, who was lying in bed in her cabin, thinking of the success of the evening before; not the Maitlands and the Lovejoys and the Erskines, lying, now, husbands and wives together; nobody, except Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, who had to get up early, saw a proud little Chevrolet, with Mr. J. Dillon, of New Rochelle, N. Y., at the wheel, slowly cough its way up the winding road and disappear over the hill.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM

THERE has been a legend, believed by children for some centuries, about an alleged Jack and the Bean Stalk. In the light of the findings of modern science, this story is mere balderdash that has been swallowed with incredible credulity by a mass of unenlightened juveniles. We are asked to believe in the first place, that Jack planted a bean stalk which grew up to the sky. What rot! This writer has consulted several of the world's leading horticulturists, and the concensus of opinion that the climbing or pole bean rarely exceeds eight feet. The author of this story, patently, deliberately attempted to deceive the public.

There is also a story current about a certain Goldylocks and the Three Bears. In this utterly pernicious yarn violating the cardinal tenets of natural history, the bears are alleged to eat porridge out of bowls. This is preposterous. Naturalists have been observing the habits of bears for many centuries, and there is no case on record of a bear cooking porridge, putting it in a bowl and devouring it. In the light of this it is hardly necessary to take the trouble to refute seriously the author's additional insistence that the bears talked like human beings.

One could go on at length picking flaws in dozens of other stories, but this is sufficient to cast light on the old time tale weavers. It also casts a shadow on the mentalities of the countless children who have swallowed these yarns, and explains why humanity is in its present sorry state.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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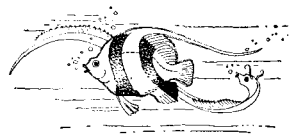
TALES OF QUEER FISH

TO FIND THE REMAINING FREAKS OF NATURE, GO BENEATH THE SEVEN SEAS



ALTHOUGH the ocean deeps cover about three-quarters of the surface of the earth, they are almost as unknown as on the day of creation. Only two miles below the surface of the sea is the threshold of another world as mysterious as the distant planets and here through the ages Mother Nature has maintained her secret laboratory breeding some amazing and grotesque freaks of nature.

Because man has never been able to go very far into the inky blackness of the seven seas where the light of the sun never shines he has not been able to see in their natural state the strange and peculiar creatures which inhabit this little-known world. This is due to the fact that the ocean deeps are well guarded by enormous pressure which greatly increases with every foot of depth, making it impossible for man to penetrate more than a few thousand feet into this mysterious realm. Furthermore, unless some method is found to conquer this great pressure and man finds some means to transport himself into this other world, the denizens of the deeps and the region in which they live will forever remain almost a total mystery.

This is due to a peculiar fact. Not only is it impossible for man to descend into this forbidden realm but the pressure at these great depths also makes it impossible to bring these deep sea monsters to the surface even when they are hooked or otherwise captured, because they explode when raised from their usual levels. For this reason, the only possible means to obtain an entire specimen, for those pioneering in this field of investigation, is to patch various fragments of specimens together and thus complete what might be called a piscatorial picture puzzle.

When Otis Barton, builder of the bathysphere, a hollow, round ball of metal with thick quartz portholes, accompanied Dr. William Beebe on a record-breaking descent of more than 3,000 feet into the sea, they were amazed at what they saw.

Here, though only at the frontier of this other world strange creatures pale blue, green and pink in color drifted past them. Many were very brightly illuminated and some even

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carried brilliant head and tail lights.

Dr. Paul Bertsch of the United States National Museum, speaking of these denizens of the deep, says it has been supposed that fish living at a depth of some 32,000 feet have no use for eyes, because there can be no light more than half a mile below the surface of the sea. However, he notes that many of the deep sea creatures carry phosphorescent lamps which make them look like lighted Christmas trees. He has counted as many as 256 such lamps on the head and body of one specimen. Some of them even carry a lamp, miner-fashion, attached by a long tentacle to their heads.

Many strange and wonderful deep sea creatures have been captured by the crew of the Atlantis, a ship of science which has made several voyages of exploration. One of the most interesting facts reported by this pioneering group is the information that they have found no depth in the ocean from which life is totally absent.

Since the beginning of time, it has been a general belief that the lower levels of the sea are a cold black expanse utterly devoid of life. This belief was largely based on the knowledge that light is necessary to plant growth. Of course, plants constitute the food, directly or indirectly, of the entire animal kingdom. Therefore, without sunlight, life on earth would be impossible. However, these scientists have found that even at the lowest under-sea levels, where no visible light can penetrate, ultra-violet rays enable certain forms of marine plant life to exist.

Another pioneering group in man's endeavor to learn some of the secrets Nature has hidden away in the watery depths of the sea is located some thirty miles off the southern tip of Florida. The Marine Zoology Department of the University of Miami conducts at this point what is, perhaps, the strangest classroom in the world. Here, college boys and girls wearing diving helmets walk about on the floor of the ocean ten to fifty feet below the surface of the sea. Thus, they are able to see in its natural state the novel animal and plant life that abounds in this tropical watery world.

Professor F. J. Pearson, who is head of this unique school, is planning to install a telephone central on the boat and equip each helmet with a connection, so that the members of his class may be able to hear him lecture on the various specimens encountered while they are strolling about on the bottom of the ocean. Not satisfied with this modern touch, he is also planning to organize a class for night-school diving with the aid of electric light.

Of course, this type of research is confined to shallow water where scientists have found many unique and curious creatures in the seas, lakes and rivers of the earth, giving a hint of what may be encountered in the practically unexplored region below and also giving some sugges-

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tion of the challenge the sea holds for men looking for thrills, adventure and knowledge.

It is not generally known that certain fish have been invaluable to medical science in its constant endeavor to combat and cure the various ailments and diseases to which the human race is heir.

Because fish are very sensitive and responsive to specific hormones, they are used by experimenters in the field of medical research to obtain original information. This is accomplished by injecting certain known hormones into a selected breed and then recording their reactions. This is followed by the injection of various chemicals from time to time in order to find what substance will produce the same effect in the fish. When this is discovered future experiments are transferred to the laboratory where more certain results may be obtained by means of test tubes. Thus medical researches are able to improve their technique and obtain a short cut to their goal by learning how a certain fish reacts to a given hormone or how a known hormone affects a selected fish.

For example, the elritze was probably the most pampered fish in the world until a few months ago. It was fed on eggs and milk and a personal attendant accompanied it to this country from Germany, where it is common. At one time, they were shipped here after being frozen and thawed out upon arrival, but they proved so valuable to medical science that a special attendant was subsequently employed to accompany them and attend them day and night during the trip. They refuse to breed in this country so frequent importations were necessary.

However, this heavy expense was justified by the fact that the elritze was found to be particularly sensitive to cancer hormones and can show, by a very simple test, whether these hormones are present. After a patient's blood has been prepared, it is injected into the fish. While the elritze is normally silvery brown in color, it will immediately turn red if there are any cancer hormones present in the injected specimen. After a period of about five minutes, it will resume its normal coloring and may be repeatedly used for the cancer test.

Some aquarists claim that fish have intelligence and are able to think. They also claim fish have a well-organized family life. On this subject, a story is told about some fish which might be used to illustrate both points.

Charles M. Breder, Jr., is greatly interested in the family life of fish. As an experiment, he had a pair spawn in a special tank so all their actions might be observed. After the fish attached their eggs to the proper stone, they were photographed and moved about until the parents got tired of all the fuss. Suddenly, the eggs disappeared. They could not be found anywhere in the tank. After several days, however, the parents who had been under observation all this time appeared with a number of little ones.

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Apparently, they had taken up all of the eggs in their mouths and thus carried them securely out of sight until they hatched and had to be led about in search of food. This illustrated both the care of the eggs and one instance of—well, thought, if you care to call it that. There are many instances of similar care by parent fish for their young.

Another experiment by Mr. Breder might be translated another way. This time an aquarium was divided by opaque glass and a pair of fish put on one side with a lone male in the other compartment. In due time, the pair spawned, attaching the eggs to their side of the glass partition. Immediately, both male fish began swimming back and forth, guarding the cluster of eggs. This continued until the eggs hatched, when a few of the tiny fish got around the edge of the glass. They were immediately adopted by the lone male, who took a fatherly interest in his foster children. It is debatable whether or not this was an intelligent thing to do. Some people might think it dumb to adopt an orphanage. However, it sounds like a good start for a problem play.

Anyone who has ever taken a shower bath knows there is such a thing as galloping soap, but science has discovered a sponge which creeps. Attendants in the London Aquarium noticed the activity of certain sponges. They would creep slowly over the walls or bottom of the tanks and even into the pipes. Scientists at first ridiculed the statement because the universal habit of a sponge is to fasten itself to one spot and to remain there until death. However, specimens were submitted to experts at the British Museum and the naturalists verified the report that the sponges were able to creep. So if you see something moving about the bathroom at night, don't be frightened—it may be only your sponge getting a little exercise.

Returning scientists have brought ashore many unique and curious freaks of nature from the seven seas. Movie censors would probably not approve of the antics of the kissing gourami, for instance. These fish have large protruding lips which are set in a continual pout or pucker and when they meet they engage in a soul kiss which often continues for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Another fish which apparently has nothing to conceal is the transparent catfish. Its life is more obvious than any open book for it is possible to see its entire skeleton, back of the bony structure forming the head. Every bone in its body is clearly visible through its transparent skin.

Several scientists recently gathered at the New York Aquarium to watch the first metropolitan demonstration of two archer fish just arrived from the East Indies. Weird tales had been told of these Robin Hoods of the ichthyological world and piscatorial students in New York were anxious to see these finny fire-boats perform. They use streams of water for ammunition and

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display marvelous marksmanship. In fact, that's the way they eat. They swim about just below the surface of the water until an insect or bug is seen on an overhanging twig or plant. Aiming their mouths at the prey, a stream is sent through the air which knocks the victim into the water. It is then quickly consumed.

Another fish with peculiar characteristics is the drum fish which makes a noise similar to the beating of drums. They travel in schools and their combined racket sometimes make it necessary for sailors, in order to sleep, to scare them away by beating on the water with oars. Then there is the catfish that croaks and the four-eyed fish brought to this country from Mexico. This fish has two bulging eyes on the top of its flat head and two more on the sides. However, scientists say the four eyes are really only two eyes, each having two pupils and connected internally with each other. The dojo also has its peculiarities. It is supposed to be somewhat of a private weather bureau and is used by mariners to foretell the weather, because it becomes noticeably excited if a storm is approaching.

Another curious fish is the tree-climbing perch. This fish travels from pool to pool and seems to cross the intervening land without discomfort. Although it is called "tree-climbing," its structure obviously forbids this ability. Doubtless, this legend was started many years ago when one of these fish was found in a tree. It is probable the fish was carried there and deposited by a bird. Hopping about on mud flats and spending much time out of the water, the mud springer is another fish which acts very much like a land creature.

Still another oddity of the sea is a marine "hitch-hiker" known as the remora or shark sucker. It attaches itself to some large fish by means of a suction pad located at the top of its head and rides around for hours motionless and without effort.

For the past five years, several lungfish have been living at the Bellevue Medical College of New York University without food or water. They are encased in separate blocks of clay which is almost as hard as concrete. It is said their hearts beat only twice a minute and they breathe only once every four or five hours through an opening which serves for observation. Delicate instruments are used to register their heart beats and breathing and these are the only indication of life. It is said these fish are more inanimate than any other living thing known to science.

Males that bear young sounds as if it might be the ultimate fish story—the one to end all fish stories, yet any ichthyologist will vouch for the fact that the male *Hippocampus* or sea-horse does that very thing. In the abdomen of the male sea-horse is a cavity into which the female, when so inclined, drops some two hundred eggs and then goes on her way. The male fertilizes the eggs and carries

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them. He performs all the functions of a mother for forty days when the little sea-horses are born.

Traveling incognito, under the formidable title, *Lasiognathus*, is another of the most novel creations to be found on land or in the sea. Its popular name is the angler or fishing fish. There are several different types of this curious breed. Nature has equipped one type with a natural rod and line on the end of which are three hooks and a lure which can be illuminated to attract its prey in deep water where sunlight does not penetrate.

Another peculiarity of this strange creature is the fact that it is able to consume fish larger than itself, as it can expand to almost twice its normal size. The porcupine fish is also able to inflate itself to almost three times its normal size by inhaling either air or water. It uses this peculiar ability as a defense mechanism and when a larger fish attempts to gather in a porcupine fish it finds its prey tripled in size and bristling with needles.

Of all the freaks of nature in the marine world, however, probably no more interesting specimen to both the scientist and the general public has ever been discovered than the electric eel.

This creature has the power—and power is a good word—to emit electrical discharge strong enough to knock down a horse or send a man hurtling through the air for a distance of ten feet.

One of these marine motors was brought to the New York Aquarium from the Orinoco River in South America when it was only about two feet long. It now measures about six feet in length and weighs about seventy pounds.

It is estimated that the fish can deliver a discharge up to 600 volts. An experimental apparatus has been rigged up which permits the eel to display its electrical wizardry to the public.

This consists of three neon lights with terminal wires at each end of a large tank. When aroused, the eel will light the neon lamps from any point in the twenty-eight foot tank. This is a baffling demonstration because no ground is needed by the creature to enable it to send out its force or to deliver a shock. Another peculiar feature about the electric eel is the fact that the type of electricity generated by this fish will travel through water with little loss of force due to dissipation.

The electricity is chemically generated and the powerful charge is stored in the muscles and tissues of the eel. Attendants at any aquarium will vouch for its potency. When it is necessary to work or move these shocking sea-serpents, they wear rubber gloves. They also take the precaution to drain off the eel's electric charge by annoying it until its stored power is dissipated. However, it recharges faster than the best man-made storage battery and is fully revitalized within two hours.

—Leonard A. Wales

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CARNETS DE BAL

A
Portfolio
from
the Morgan Collection
of the Metropolitan
Museum of Art
in New York

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The carnets de bal shown in these pages are representative examples of the workmanship and artistry lavished upon such exquisite trifles as these dance programs in the last days of the French court. Each contains a small ivory tablet and pencil to jot down dance memoranda.

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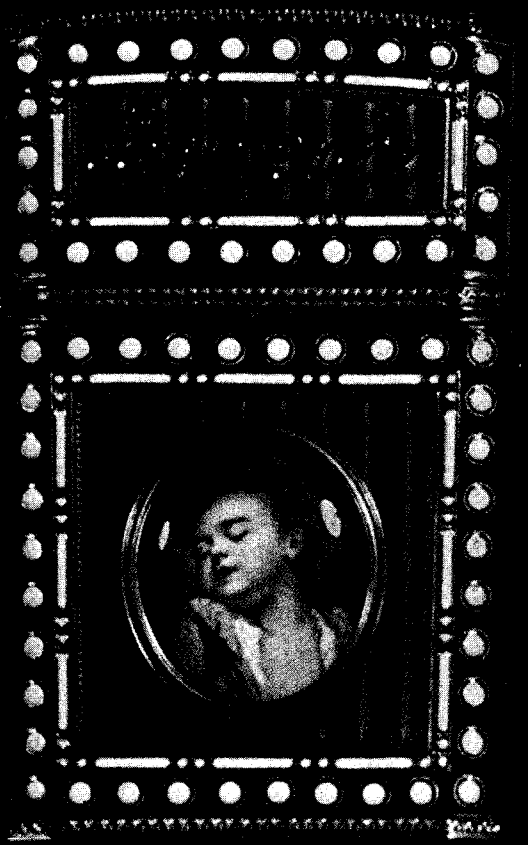

The most distinguished goldsmiths, jewelers and artists of Europe were engaged to make these bibelots to be given away by the great nobles of the ancient regime almost as casually as we today would pass out cigars. For example, this miniature painted on ivory is attributed to Fragonard.

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The usual decoration for the case of a carnet de bal was a setting of gold, enamel and jewels into which was introduced a miniature scene or portrait either in enamel or in water color, painted on ivory, in the latter instance always with addition of a protecting cover of crystal.

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When it is borne in mind that these little objects were made to be given away literally by the dozens and scores, their costly construction and nature is doubly remarkable. Note, in this one, in addition to a miniature scene executed on ivory, the inclusion of a tiny watch.

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Carnet de bal of gold, enamel and jewels, decorated with a miniature in grisaille by Gault of Saint Germain. It is one of the few signed carnets in the Morgan collection, bearing the signature N (?) de Gault and the date 1790, which was the very eve of the French Revolution.

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Across the top, where most of the carnets de bal carry the inscription *of souvenir* on one side and *de l'amitie* or *de l'amour* on the reverse, this one gilds the lily by the addition of a second miniature on ivory. The case is noteworthy, too, for the remarkable beauty of its enamel panels.

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The word *necessaire* was used in a sense to make it correspond approximately to our present-day use of the term "vanity" or "compact," indicating that these dance program cases could be put to some use after the ball was over. Gold stars on the enamel ground, ivory portrait.

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THE YOUNG CARD PLAYERS

by ANTOINE LE NAIN

(1588-1648)

Born in Laon in old Lorraine, Antoine Le Nain went to Paris in 1630 and with his brothers, Louis and Mathieu, founded a studio there together. Very often they signed their pictures simply Le Nain, as this one is signed, not differentiating between the three painters, but wishing to be known by the type of their work. The exhibition of their work in this country was arranged for the Knoedler Galleries of New York by Louis Carre of Paris.

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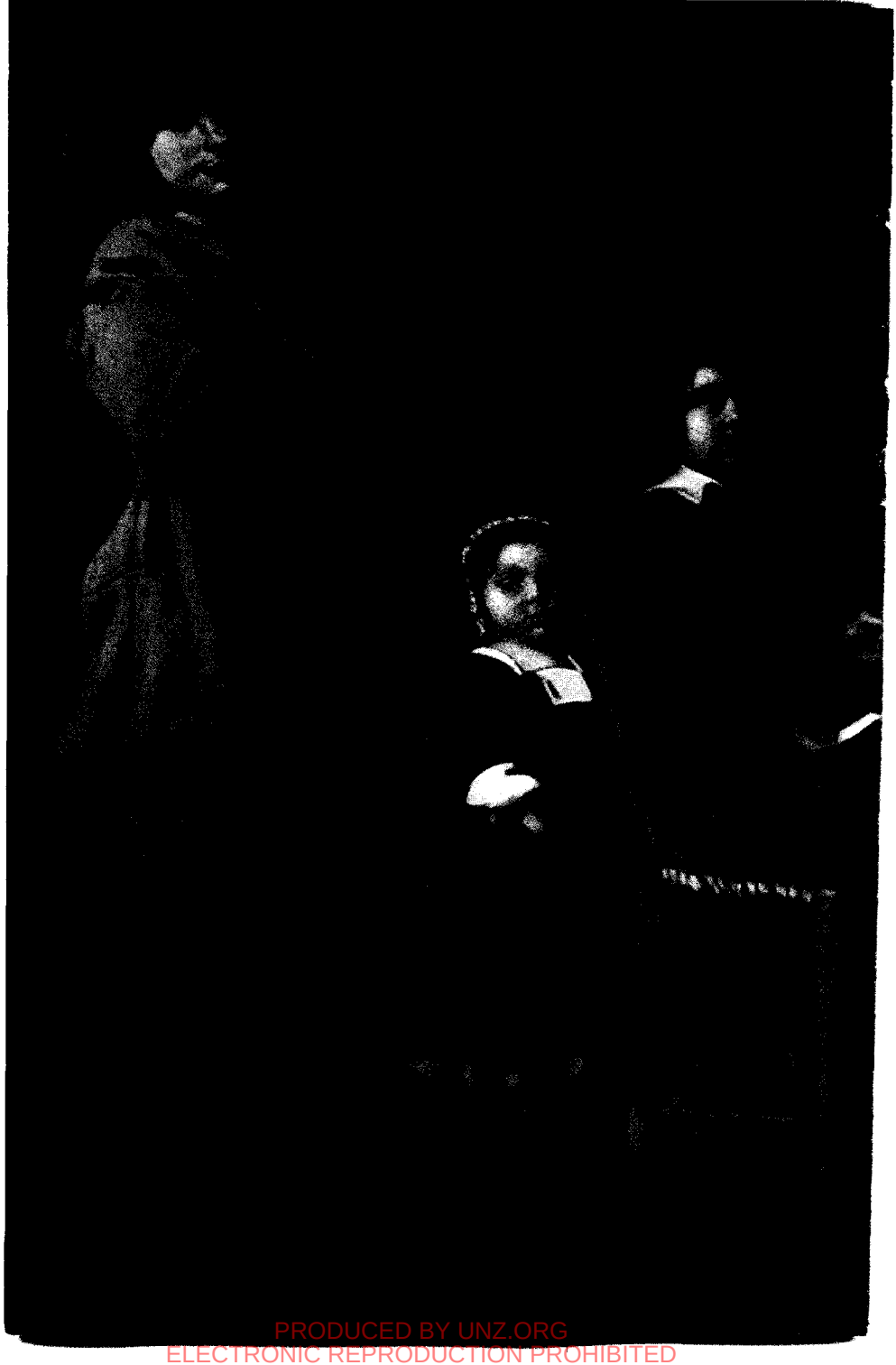

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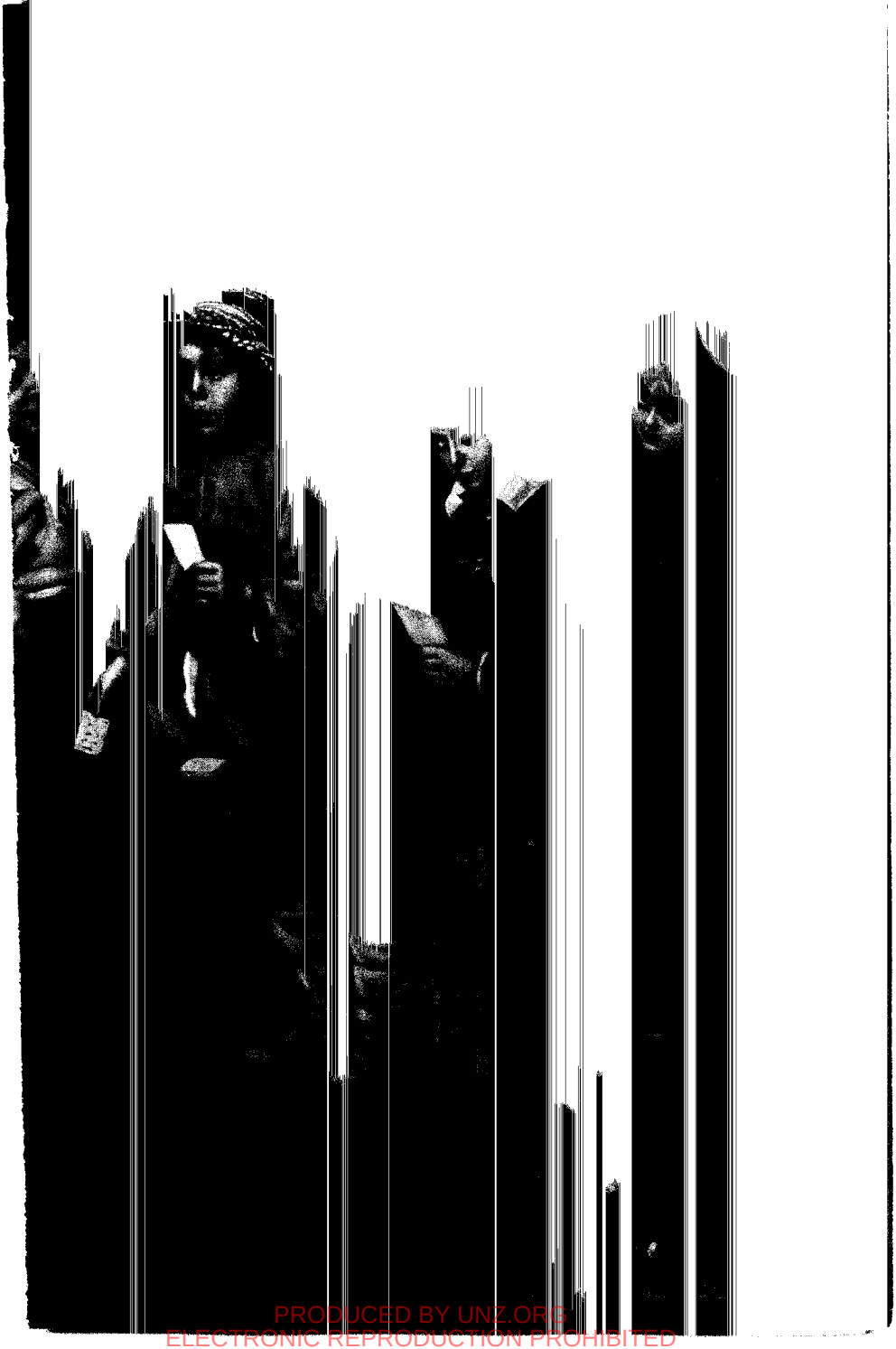

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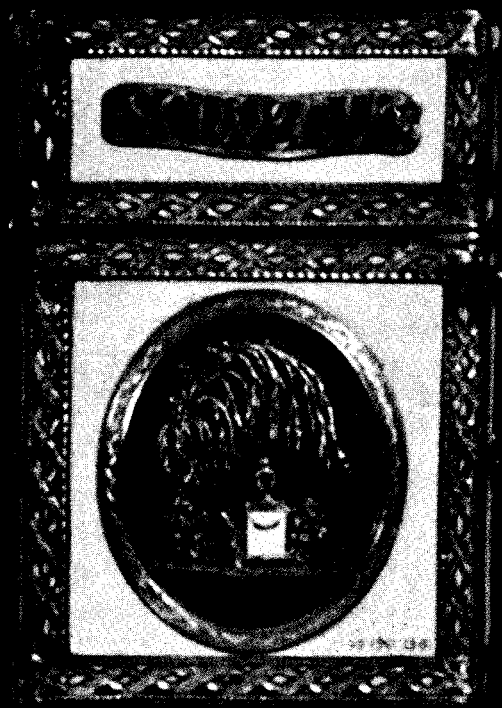

Usually any motto added to the standard *souvenir* expresses a "sweet nothing" of a most sentimental nature, but in this instance the inscription beneath the tree and urn reads "je meurs ou je m'attache," a pretty morbid bit of sentiment for that insouciant age of gallantry.

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All the reproductions of carnets de bal in these pages are in the same proportion and are a trifle larger than actual size (approximately one-tenth over-size) to permit the retention of minute details of decoration and design that would otherwise be lost to the eye of the color camera.

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The word across the top of this carnet looks confusingly like "famille" but is actually "l'amitié" (friendship) written out in script. The addition of the phrase "for life" completes, in the best Valentine manner, the kind of thought usually expressed by these little tokens of esteem.

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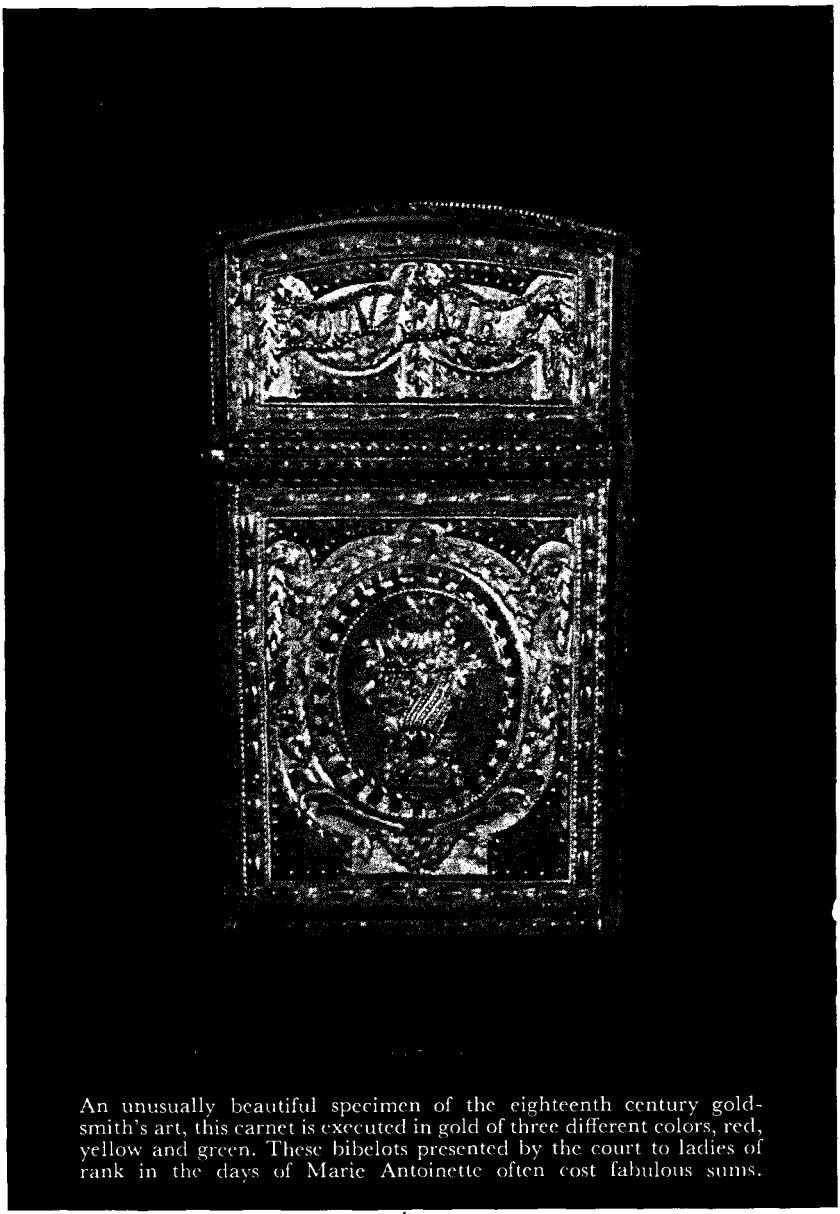

An unusually beautiful specimen of the eighteenth century goldsmith's art, this carnet is executed in gold of three different colors, red, yellow and green. These bibelots presented by the court to ladies of rank in the days of Marie Antoinette often cost fabulous sums.

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Ladies of fashion collected these exquisite little boxes as casily and extensively as we today might collect paper match covers. A visitor awaiting an audience with Maria Theresa, the mother of the ill-starred Marie Antoinette, counted over six hundred in her apartment.

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With the perverse simplicity affected by the ladies of the court in the shortening shadow of the guillotine, when duchesses played at being milkmaids and shepherdesses at the Petit Trianon, a quaint conceit dictated the choice of a laundress as subject for this miniature.

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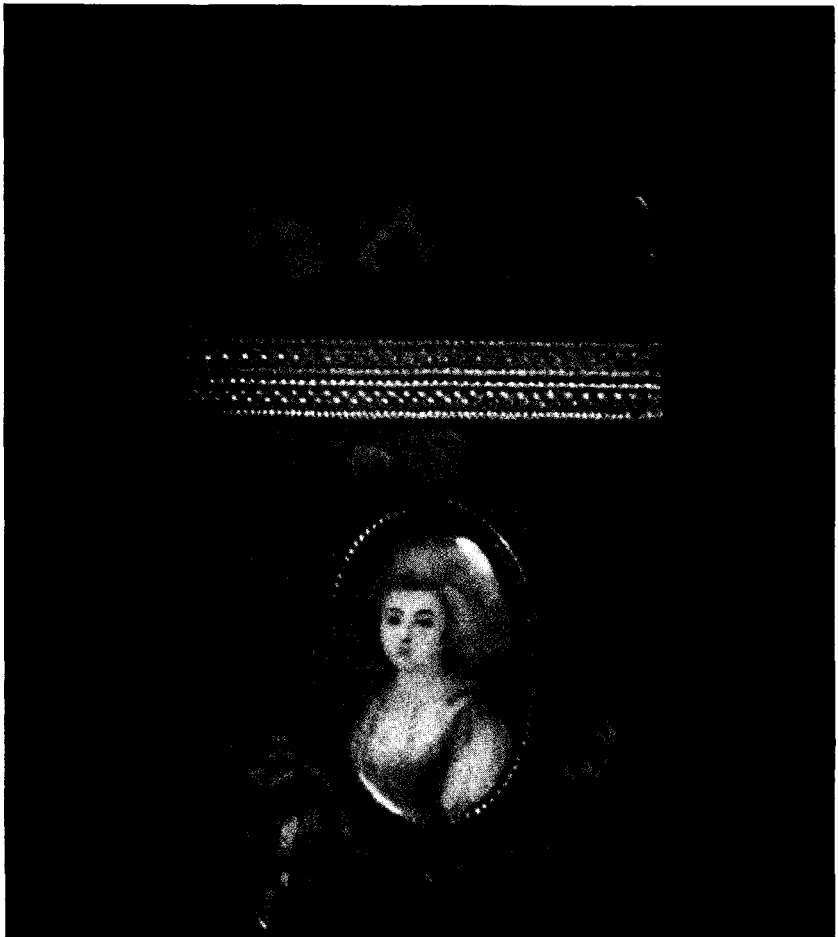

A carnet de bal of painted ivory. Their materials ranged over gold, copper, silver, brass, bronze, ivory, mother of pearl, tortoise shell and ebony, with such stones as malachite, Florence marble, lapis lazuli, blood-jasper, agate, chalcedony, cornelian, lava and rock-crystal.

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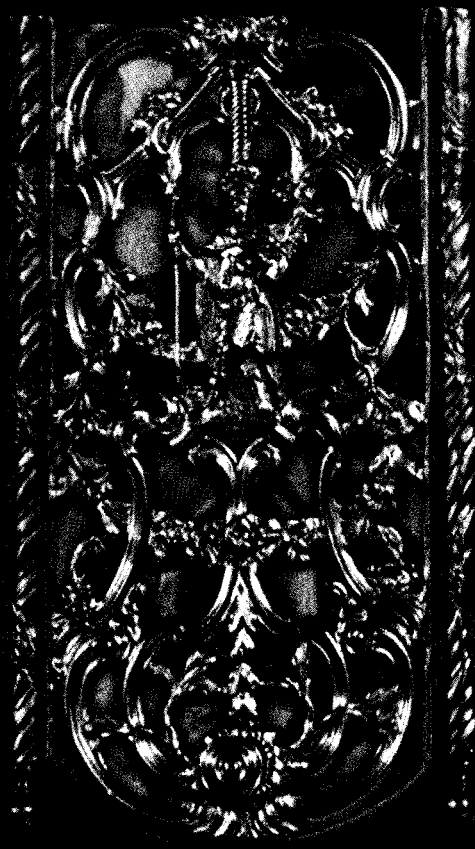

A carnet of tortoise shell with all-over covering of gold filigree. All these shown here, and several hundred more, including étuis and necessaires, may be seen on permanent exhibition in the Morgan collection (the largest) at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

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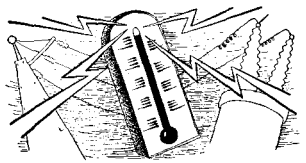
TO HEALTH BY RADIO

IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL BUT IT MAY LEAD TO INDIVIDUAL HEATING-PLANTS



About 1928, Dr. Willis R. Whitney, Director of the General Electric Company Research Laboratory, while working with a 20,000 watt broadcasting tube, noted that men in the room were getting warm. On taking their temperature he found that in 15 minutes the body temperature rose 2.2°F. As far as can be learned this was the first scientific demonstration of temperature rises in human beings in America.

Dr. Whitney, while proving basic fundamental principles in his laboratory, did not forego the pleasure of speculative dreaming. There are stranger forces surrounding our everyday existence than man has had imagination to conjure up. A true scientist always keeps his feet on the ground but his mind can, like the ancient magicians, spiral off into space and forsee the possibility of heating human beings in their homes by broadcast radio waves. Fantastic? Yes . . . Somewhat impractical but perfectly feasible. It is entirely within the realm of possibility to heat human beings by high frequency radio waves while they are at home, without the customary procedure of heating the house too. That is to say a person would be warm while the air in a room remained cold. Furthermore that person, being the only proper conductor for the radio waves in the room, would be the sole object heated, and if he were to leave the room the power would automatically be shut off. This is a long way from heating the radiator for the janitor to send up more heat, but perhaps for the next few years at least, it would be wisest to keep both the radiator and the janitor.

Dr. Shereschewsky in 1924 showed that radio waves could heat the bodies of mice to such a temperature that they were killed. At once the great scourge of mankind came to his mind; would the ultra short waves destroy cancer? Cancer growths were transplanted from mouse to mouse and from chicken to chicken; then the mice and the chickens were exposed to ultra short radio waves. The cancer growths seemed to melt away. There were no great splurges in the newspapers of the new cancer cure—a scientist was doing research and only the beginning had been made in a new

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field of cancer therapy. Many years later, in 1933, Reiter, a scientist in Leipzig, showed that he also could destroy cancer growths with ultra short radio waves. There is no doubt that as more is learned about these radio waves another means of combating cancer will be found.

Gosset, a Frenchman, several months before Shereschewsky did his experiments, demonstrated that radio waves cured geraniums of a peculiar type of plant tumor infecting them. Going still further back, Collins in 1911 was able to awaken a sleeping cat by radio waves directed at it.

Finally we can go as far back as 1891 when that genius of geniuses, Nikola Tesla, who had done pioneer work in radio high frequency currents, states that radio waves had their place in medicine.

So after many years the long-demonstrated fact that radio waves raise body temperature was definitely established, and the General Electric Company was the first company in the U. S. to manufacture a so-called fever apparatus. This machine went to the Mayo Clinic in 1928.

A radio fever machine is primarily a broadcasting station operating on a 30 meter wave length. If tomorrow the Government so desired, it could, through its control of the use of the various wave lengths, make it against the law to treat a patient with a 30 meter radio fever apparatus. The fever machine differs from an actual broadcasting station in that it has no antennae. The wires that ordinarily would go to the antennae go to two metal insulated plates. The patient is put between these two plates, which, incidentally, are called condenser plates. The plates are insulated so that should they touch the patient no burn results. When the 30 meter wave is broadcast between these two antenna plates (condenser plates) they must pass through the patient who is between them. In the beginning a mild sensation of warmth on the skin is noted which later on, as the treatment continues, increases in intensity. The person between the two antenna plates is positive that they are hot, and the heat felt is coming from them, exactly as heat is felt coming from a baking lamp. But the antenna plates remain cold at all times. The heat felt is generated by cold radio waves passing through the body—cold radio waves which at 6 meters vibrate 50 million times a second, and by their friction in passing through living tissue, produce heat.

Very simply stated the patient is put between the antennae and the waves broadcast through him. At first, the patients' reactions to this type of treatment were funny! "A broadcasting radio wave for treatment," they said. Who ever heard of such a thing? What was medicine coming to when a patient went to a doctor who broadcast waves?

Frank skepticism on the patient's face turned to a good-natured humoring when the apparatus was turned

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on and no music was to be heard.

"Radio waves without music," a patient once said to me. "It's silly; it makes no sense."

The fever treatment could also be given by coiling insulated wires around the patient, who was then wrapped in blankets. These patients often did not even suspect they were being given a radio treatment. They simply grew warmer and warmer! All this is very well; but why all the commotion? The production of artificial fever in patients to combat disease is an old weapon.

For centuries it was believed that a patient was as sick as his fever was high. At the first sign of fever, even today, all sorts of antipyretics are taken to reduce it. Do you have a cold, a touch of the grippe, then immediately well meaning friends urge you to take an "aspirin" to bring the temperature down. Does your baby run a fever from a spoiled stomach, then dunk him at once in alcohol; babies are inherently smart, aspirin has to be stuffed down their gullets before they'll take it.

When fever was recognized as a means taken by the body to combat infection, it was seen to be good for the patient; not bad. Fever is really the clarion call marshalling all the resistive forces capable of fighting any infection which has secured a foothold in the body. A pneumonia patient who does not run a temperature indicates a total lack of resistance and his chances of recovery are extremely meager. When a disease like arthritis becomes chronic, it simply means that the resistive forces of the body have become tired of fighting, and are lying down on the job. The artificial production of fever is nothing more than whipping up the stagnant protective forces of the body to renewed efforts. Before the advent of radio short waves, milk or other kinds of protein injected into the body produced a fever, but neither the amount or duration of the fever could be controlled. Radio short waves, however, produced a fever that could be exactly controlled both as to extent and duration. This extraordinary feat was heralded in all scientific medical circles. But what appeared so simple at the onset rapidly became complicated. The treatment with the fever machine was a delicate procedure. The patient's temperature had to be controlled accurately and often, to be sure it did not rise above 105.5°F. The duration of the treatment lasted several hours during which time doctor and nurse were in constant attendance. This meant the patient should be in a hospital and remain at least overnight. That made the treatment expensive. It must be at once apparent that this mode of therapy is limited because of its expense. Finally it is not a sure cure, or even a positive means of relief. It has produced spectacular results in those fortunate enough to have benefited by it. It has helped in many chronic infections given up as hopeless. Small

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wonder then that radio fever therapy came into its scientific heyday . . . but its heyday lasted the wink of a scientific eyelash. Barely a few years . . . just sufficiently to perfect radio fever apparatus, and collect some medical statistics. . . . Today the production of fever with radio waves is as obsolete as the Dodo-bird. . . . The impetus of radio fever therapy led to the development of simpler, less expensive means of producing and maintaining artificial fever. Most hospitals are now equipped with fever producing machines but radio fever apparatus is not to be found among them.

While radio waves were at first used primarily for fever therapy, new facts were daily being discovered.

Researchers in this new field resembled very closely a pack of hounds closely following the scent. The fever machine possum had been brought to bay and suddenly a new scent was found and with wild yelping the entire pack was dashing madly away. The scent that had been picked up was a new concept of the penetrative ability of the waves. It was found that a 10 meter wave could penetrate further into the depths of the body than a 20 or 30 meter one. At once the tremendous significance of this was realized. While a fever machine could produce fever, the shorter radio waves could penetrate through the body and heal an inflamed gall bladder, an infected sinus, or a lung abscess. Diseases and infections which showed no improvement with ordinary medical treatment were being healed by ultra short radio waves given as local treatments and not to produce a fever.

Science was not satisfied with mere theory; the facts must be proved. In all parts of the world men went down into the morgues and there radio waves were sent through cadavers. 3 meters, 4 meters, 6, 9, 10, 15—all of the different wave lengths were tried and experimented with. Often the results were strange and unexpected. Mice, rabbits, dogs, were used. Hours and hours of exposure were given to see if the waves had any harmful effects. After hundreds of hours of exposure came the verdict, radio waves, within the range of the experiments, had no ill effects on living tissue. With all these preliminary tasks successfully accomplished, science was now ready to heal Man.

We see that the scope of the radio wave treatment had increased to the point where different waves had different actions on the body, and the problem now was what wave to use for a definite illness. The radio wave of any one length was not a cure-all; it was necessary to have at one's command the use of all the wave lengths from 3 to 30 meters.

Schliephake, a pioneer scientist, says that he finds wave lengths from 3 to 6 meters in most conditions far superior to the longer wave lengths. In cases of migraine headaches, the 15 meter wave length has been found most efficacious. In some cancer re-

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searches a wave length of 3.4 meters has been found to dissolve the tumor. The council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association has, however, remained scientifically sceptical. It does not consider ultra short wave treatment a cure-all, and feels that a still greater burden of proof rests on the men investigating this field.

In an analysis of 1144 cases reported by Kling we find the percentage of improvement extremely high, amounting to 89%. In these 1144 cases were 500 cases of carbuncles with 100% cure. If we omit these 500 cases of carbuncles there still remain 644 cases with the still remarkable average of 82.3% improvement.

The most remarkable cases in this series, were those 31, with chronic lung infections such as lung abscesses, empyema, etc. These were all advanced cases proved by X-ray and given up as hopeless. 28 of these were cured, and demonstrated as cured by the X-ray. 14 cases of gall bladder inflammation were treated and 13 had good results. 171 cases of arthritis were treated and 141 had good results.

It is not necessary to cite more cases to prove the efficacy of the short waves. Like everything else, to have results the treatment must be intelligently given, with an apparatus having sufficient penetrative power. In other words, unless the short wave apparatus is sufficiently powerful the above results will not be attained. Once again it should be emphasized that the above treatments were not fever treatments, and that the radio waves were directed at definite body areas with the object of having the waves penetrate to the seat of the infection.

The ultra short waves with their actions on diseases and the various organs in the body stand today as the latest scientific gift to mankind. It is not in the realm of phantasy to suppose that in the years to come it will be possible to flood the body with a definite electrical wave and with the turn of a switch cure disease. The dream of tomorrow is already the vision of today's scientist.

If a fly or any other insect is put into a glass tube and short waves passed through, we find that in a moment the fly or insect is dead. The radio short waves have heated the insect's body so high that it succumbs. If the insects' bodies be touched they feel warm. If a piece of fur infected with fur lice be put into the short wave field, we find that the lice promptly die while the fur barely feels warm. The selective action of the short waves is for the lice and not the fur. When this principle became recognized, J. H. Davis built a tremendous short wave outfit down south. He knew that farmers sustained great losses because insects in grain sacks spoiled millions of dollars worth of grain. He simply took an infected grain sack and put it in the short wave field; exposed the entire sack to

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the short waves and then examined it. He first of all noted that the grain sack did not heat up, but in a few seconds all the insects in the sack were killed. Today his 20 kilowatt short wave apparatus will kill all insects in a sack of grain or wheat in 6 seconds. Carloads of wheat stop at the laboratory, and in a long line the sacks of wheat are exposed to the short waves. Thousands of dollars worth of wheat are saved by the killing of these insects. The station has been operating successfully since 1933.

Many other uses have been found for the sterilizing effects of short and ultra short waves in commerce. To mention some in passing: pasteurization of milk, killing of insects in nuts, furs, tobaccos, etc. The waves that once only traveled in the outer reaches of space have been brought close to earth and found to be good for Man. The miracles of the Bible are being duplicated by science.

The faint footbeats of the science of tomorrow are already being heard before the echoes of today's wonders have sounded. The latest short wave machine is already obsolescent. To give the treatment, care must be taken that the patient is protected. The actual giving of the treatment is complicated with electrodes, wires, and what not. In the future that will all be simplified. A beam of light will shine on the patient and in a few minutes a fever will develop. This beam of light is a modified death ray and its working is easy to understand.

All of us at one time or another have seen the sun come up from behind a cloud. As the sun appears at the rim of the cloud, long beams of light appear like a halo about the cloud. These beams are, naturally, beams of sunlight. Suppose we take an ordinary therapy lamp which generates ultra-violet light and make it strong enough to throw a beam. Now we can visualize two different kinds of light beams, one a sunlight beam, the other an ultra-violet light beam. These two beams of light differ in one tremendous respect: the beam of ultra-violet can carry electric currents just like a wire, but the beam of sunlight cannot carry electricity. It is now easy to see that if we charge the ultra-violet light beam with electric currents and shine the light on a person he will receive the electric currents into his own body. The reception of these electric currents will make that person's temperature rise exactly as the radio currents now do in the fever machine. At the present moment it is entirely possible to shine a light at an animal and give it a fever.

Finally, beams of light charged with various kinds of electric currents will be able to pierce the body through and through, and in their passage kill bacteria or cancer cells but not harm normal body tissues. How this will be done is very difficult to describe at present but the goal is seen, and it is but a matter of years before it is practically worked out.

—Conrad K. Gale, M. D.

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WHAT WON'T THEY DO?

THEY'LL DO A LOT FOR LOVE OR HATE
BUT EVEN MORE, IT SEEMS, FOR MONEY

THE contact man for the mob frequented the foreign sections in Chicago until he encountered a likely prospect: a healthy looking, ambitious young lad of alien extraction with no serious matrimonial or family ties. Picked up in some lunch room, the prospect's acquaintance was diplomatically cultivated by the contact man: future "chance" meetings occurred; a game of pool was indulged in; and, one night, the two went to a local restaurant for a bite when the stranger's boss "happened" to come in with another man and a couple of girls.

In due course, the young fellow was introduced to the boss; invited to sit at his table—a couple of rounds of drinks went down the hatch; one of the girls went out and phoned a couple of friends, and the entire evening was whole-heartedly given over to jollity at the expense of the boss who proved to be a swell guy and a cheerful spender.

A few days later the contact man again chanced to meet his prospect, and in the natural re-hash of the evening's festivities couldn't help but comment on the favorable impression his new friend had made on his boss: the owner of a chain of gas stations. Indeed, he liked Tony so much that he was disposed to give him a job running a new station soon to be opened by the company. Would Tony like that? The pay was fair; there was an attractive bonus in addition: sure, Tony would like it! So after another meeting with the boss—and a few more drinks—Tony gets the job.

Winter is well on the way now, but our new filling station manager doesn't care because he's sitting pretty. During the course of the first few weeks the boss drops in once or twice to say hello and a few kind words about his work and his future prospects. And while it is obvious to Tony that he has made a real hit with the big shot, he hardly realizes the depth of that impression until one day the contact man drops in with the word that Mr. Whosis is throwing a hot party at his apartment that night—and can Tony come? There'll be plenty of liquor and dames and both will be mighty useful on a cold night like this'll be!

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Tony joins the party and finds that its attractions were not in the least over-rated. Liquor flows freely; there are not only plenty of women but one very willing number specifically for him! She plies him with her passionate acquiescence—and the boss' Scotch—and long before midnight poor Tony, who is only human, is physically washed up and drunker than a goat. Then comes the pay off.

With his vitality at low tide and his brain in a leaden stupor, they dress the unconscious fellow in a dainty suit of silk pajamas and put him tenderly to bed. Only they don't put him between the sheets in the bedroom: they carry him out to the alley and lay him on the concrete walk in a dark corner. The falling snow swirls around him; the bitter wind howls; but Tony, in his orchid pajamas, doesn't mind!

Before daybreak they take him inside and put him in a real bed where a doctor—their own doctor!—vists him. A quick examination and he nods in approval. "Yep; pneumonia. One of the lousiest cases I ever saw. Keep him until tomorrow morning." And with a word of commendation all around, the medic goes on about his affairs.

Some time next day the delirious, blue-faced patient is "rushed" to a hospital, his lungs almost filled and his temperature around 106°. That night he dies—of pneumonia. And the $75,000 life insurance policy which the "company" took out on its new station manager when he went on the job becomes due and payable!

Neat, eh? No violence; none of the crudities of shoving a guy off a roof or putting arsenic in his food or dousing him with gasoline and then touching a match to his clothes. Just plain, everyday pneumonia.

Few of them, to be sure, have that much finesse: they just resort clumsily to sash weights or ground glass or the time-honored automobile, leaving all the earmarks of the plot screamingly legible. Others, however, are more diffident about homicide and its consequences and resort to simulated crimes: drownings in rapidly-running rivers which are supposed to carry away the body, leaving only the conventional note on the shore, tucked into the "deceased's" hat or coat—or mysterious disappearances of faithful husbands who never again show up. The more advanced school in this branch of the work goes in for "used cadavers," for want of a better term, so that they may have a dead body to show.

A typical case of this sort turned up in New York State when one member of a retail concern in a small city was killed in an automobile accident and his body burned beyond recognition. It almost worked because the claim was going through the insurance office for payment a day or so after the funeral when the check-signing official paused long enough to knit his brows and sniff a rat.

"There is something screwy about

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this," he told his investigators. "There are two partners in the firm, yet this so-called 'co-partnership policy' covers only one—the one who was killed. We'd better have a look-see."

They did, and to all intents and purposes, the death was on the level. True, the agent hadn't seen the body: the casket was never opened because of the condition of the remains. But the funeral was duly held and attended by scores of relatives, friends and acquaintances who knew the man well.

His car, of course, was demolished and pretty well burned: beyond that and the obsequies and the grief of the family the investigators could not go.

Nevertheless, it still smelled bad to the chief and he went further. In a consultation with the authorities, he convinced them that he had a powerful hunch, and in the prescribed legal manner he obtained permission to have the body exhumed for an autopsy.

What the medical examination showed was that the body, its face unrecognizable, which had been buried for the policy holder was, in fact, the remains of a man who had died from tuberculosis. Even the youngest medical student could see at a glance that no man with lungs in that condition could possibly be out driving an automobile—and there the case broke.

They had simply stolen a body at random from a grave in a cemetery some distance away; wrecked the car; propped up the corpse at the wheel; and then set fire to it, whereupon the policy holder went under cover.

Plain murder, however, is still the favorite expedient of those who would gyp the life insurance companies, and the popularity of the idea is best indicated by recent disclosures in Massachusetts. There, at the insistence of a trial judge, some fifty deaths in three small mill towns are being closely scrutinized because in every case the deceased carried a life insurance policy much larger than he could have afforded. In each case, too, the beneficiary was somebody outside the man's immediate family. What will develop remains to be seen: that it will be good reading is indicated by the fact that already autopsies have shown that one man who was killed by falling down stairs, another who died of heart failure, and a third who was fatally injured by a hit-run driver, each had enough of the same poison in their systems to kill two men.

Such plots invariably spill over, however, because most of those who attempt them are not quite bright and, second, because the insurance companies, individually and collectively, can afford to spend far more money to break a case than the police can.

The insurance boys are after salvage, not just convictions and a record, and they can stand raising the ante no end. The upshot is that

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they have some pretty smart investigators on their staffs who perform some of the most glittering samples of Grade A sleuthing to be found in this or any other country. Take, for example, the well-known case of the Arizona hermit.

This recluse, whom we shall call Smith, first came to the attention of an insurance company as the beneficiary of a $20,000 life insurance policy in force on an Easterner—a distant cousin—whom we may just as well name Brown. Brown was killed in an automobile accident while visiting Smith in Arizona—burned beyond recognition, of course, in the fire which followed the crash—and the presence of so many coincidences prompted the insurance company to send the check in care of a trained investigator rather than through the mails.

Inquiries at the sheriff's office at the nearest town twelve miles away simply confirmed the information already on file. Smith was a peaceful, agreeable individual who for twenty years or more had lived the life of a hermit in an isolated section of the county. He came to town at intervals for supplies and was known, by sight, to a number of citizens as a person about 5 feet 8 inches tall; around 165 pounds; with long, unkempt hair and an enormous, bushy beard which covered practically his entire face from his eyes down. Until his cousin, Brown, had come out from the East nearly a year ago, Smith had lived alone on his little ranch with his two dogs, a couple of head of cattle and some chickens. Since then Brown had shared his abode and had become much better known in the town than "the hermit" because the city man until lately had taken over the chore of coming in for supplies.

The sheriff naturally scoffed at any inferential suspicions thrown out by the insurance man. He, the peace officer, had been notified of the wreck of the car and had gone right out to investigate. Apparently the old Model T had become cranky on the way home: in any case, it went clear off the road and over the cliff into Black Panther Ravine, sixty feet below, where the gas tank exploded and burned the wreck to a tangled jumble of metal. The body was taken back to town—there was little more than the torso left—Smith was notified and the burial was held the following day.

At the investigator's request the sheriff agreed to take him out to see the hermit, stopping on the way to view the scene of the accident. Arriving there, the officer pointed to a pair of tire tracks: "There's exactly where she went over," he said. "And down there she lays on her back just as she was when we took the body out."

Silently the insurance man surveyed the ground; then he bent over and touched his finger to a soiled spot in the dirt. After sniffing his finger for a moment, he indicated the mark with a nod and said, grin-

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"I think you're a bit unreasonable, officer—I've never driven a car before and besides I'm color blind"

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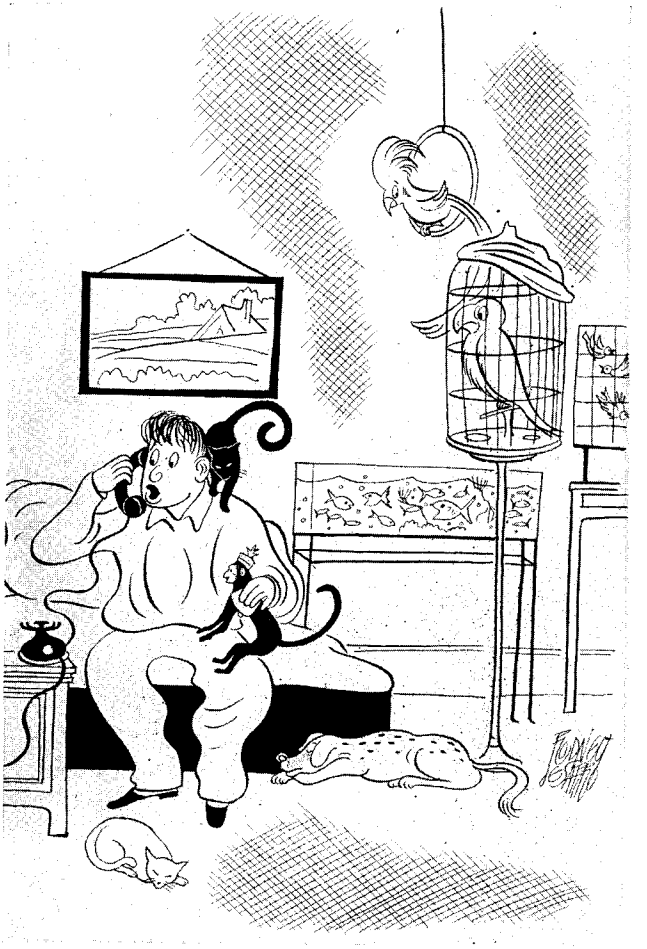

"—*But I need* you, *darling, to complete my happiness!*"

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ning, "See that spot, Sheriff? Well, keep it in mind. I'm going to tell you about it later."

Without further explanation he clambered down the hill to the wreck and spend ten silent minutes poking around that. All he got for his diligence was an empty, one-gallon can. But as he tossed it into the back of the sheriff's car, he grinned again and said: "You noticed that there were half a dozen of those cans down there, didn't you? Well, I'll tell you about them later, too."

Skeptical and puzzled, the officer drove on to the hermit's place where the visitors were greeted first by two snarling, savage dogs and then presently by the bewhiskered Smith who asked them to wait for admittance until he chained up the dogs out back. This he did with some slight difficulty, the beasts being no fonder of him, apparently, than of strangers. And when the way was clear, he invited them in and proffered them chairs.

Explaining that he was from the insurance company with a check in settlement of the policy on the late Brown's life, the investigator said that he'd brought the sheriff as a witness to the payment as well as to several papers which would have to be signed. The hermit didn't seem to understand that, so the insurance man explained that Brown had a $20,000 policy made out to him, Smith, his only living relative. And when he finally got that through his head, the bearded old recluse was speechless for a time in astonishment. That, of course, presently gave way to explosive expressions of delight and gratitude at Brown's obvious effort to repay a kindness. And with that lead to start him, the insurance man pumped Smith for the story of their relationship.

Poking idly around the cabin as the hermit talked, the investigator heard that Brown was a fourth cousin from whom Smith hadn't heard a word for twenty-five years until one day a letter arrived from the East saying that because of some unpleasantness with the authorities, Brown was coming out West to live with his cousin for a while. Within a week he arrived, bag and baggage: a nice enough fellow who soon proved to be good company and by no means an unwelcome guest.

Listening intently as the account progressed, the investigator moved about the room in the manner of a curious visitor. From a shelf by the sink he picked up a shaving brush and flicked the bristles with his thumb; from a table he took a pipe, smelled it, and then put it down again with a wry face.

"Pretty powerful tobacco you smoke," he chuckled, dropping into a chair and taking a package of cigarettes out of his pocket. "Have one?" he bethought himself to ask the hermit just before he slipped them back.

Smith took a cigarette and a light and after a long drag went on with

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his story, carrying it right up to the afternoon that Brown had left for town to buy the supplies and had never returned. As the narrator paused at that point, the investigator arose and tossed another fleeting grin at the sheriff.

"Mr. Brown," he said . . .

"Smith!" corrected the sheriff as the other nodded.

"No," the insurance man disagreed suavely. "This is Mr. Brown, the visiting cousin from the East. You think, Sheriff, that he is Mr. Smith because his face is buried in those whiskers and he is about the same height and weight as your acquaintance, the hermit.

"But the body you took from that wreck was the body of Smith. And I therefore ask you to arrest this man Brown for murder."

In the verbal commotion which ensued, the sheriff was no less indignant than the accused, but the insurance investigator let them babble off their first excitement. As it began to ebb, he strode over to the hermit, gave him a terrier shake and plumped him into a chair.

"Listen to me," he snapped. "The jig is up. You changed the beneficiary of your policy just before you left the East and you had this whole plan cooked up a year ago. You lived here long enough to get acquainted with the town people—but you haven't been to town in some months, have you?

"No; you were raising a beard—a nice, full beard and a scraggly mop of hair just like the hermit's! When you got enough whiskers to look like him, you did go to town—two weeks ago—to see what would happen. What happened was that the storekeeper called you Smith—and you knew the time was ripe.

"That afternoon, then, you killed Smith, stuck his body in the car and drove out to the ravine. You stopped there, about five feet from the edge; got out and dragged Smith's body over behind the wheel. You left the ignition on so the thing would catch fire after the smash—then you slipped the gear into first, jumped clear and let it roll over the bank.

"Even with the six gallon cans of gasoline you had tied in the back seat, however, the blamed thing didn't catch fire, so you had to climb down the ravine yourself. With a screwdriver or an ice pick you punched holes in the cans to let the gasoline out and then threw a match in it. After that you went home—to collect."

The "hermit's" chin was on his chest by the time the sleuth had finished: the glib reconstruction had taken the salt right out of him.

"Am I right?" prodded the investigator after a pause.

"You're right," mumbled the bearded man. "I did it."

And another insurance murder was solved.

That night at the railroad station while they waited for the train to come in the awed sheriff asked the

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investigator how in thunder he had "figgered" it out.

"Oh, it's easy," laughed the insurance man. "We just smell 'em. But I did tell you I'd remind you of a couple of things, didn't I?

"Well, of course, I was primed for something phony by the change in beneficiaries and the odd coincidence that this guy should die when he was visiting the man who would benefit by his death. The first thing that caught my ear, though, was the storekeeper's statement that Brown hadn't been to town in months. The next thing that interested me was that puddle of oil between the tire tracks where the car had gone over the cliff. Remember that?"

"Yes; but what of it?"

"That told me that whoever drove that old crate up there had stopped it for several minutes before it went over, and in that interval the oil dripped out on the ground. That simply meant that the crash was no accident: it was planned.

"When we got down by the wreck, I saw the empty gasoline cans right away—with the holes punched in them. And away off to the left of the car a number of branches were broken on those dried brambles there—as if somebody had climbed up the hill in a hurry.

"When we got out to the house, the first thing I saw was that those dogs hated that man and mistrusted him: he had a hell of a time handling them and I was convinced right then that he wasn't their master—he was Brown, with whiskers. His teeth corroborated that hunch because they weren't the teeth of a man who's lived the life of a hermit for over twenty years twelve miles from a town that's never had a dentist!

"Finally, that shaving brush I picked up hadn't been used for many, many weeks, judging by the way the soap had dried into dust on the bristles. But the last straw for me was that pipe—and the cigarette."

"How come?" queried the fascinated sheriff.

"That was the foulest pipe I ever smelled," the investigator laughed. "And from the half-used paper of tobacco beside it, I knew it was a cheap, filthy grade of alfalfa that only a hermit could stand—and a fellow who could breathe that stuff and live would have no taste for cigarettes.

"Did you notice the way he took that fag I offered him? Just like a famished babe! He filled his lungs with one, long, satisfying drag just as an inveterate cigarette smoker would who hadn't had a butt in months. And when I saw that, I knew he was my man."

The moral, of course, is don't crack when some suave, soft-spoken insurance investigator sits down affably and recounts to you a pretty faithful description of how you went about committing your perfect crime.

Or, even better yet, don't murder anybody for his insurance!

—Paul W. Kearney

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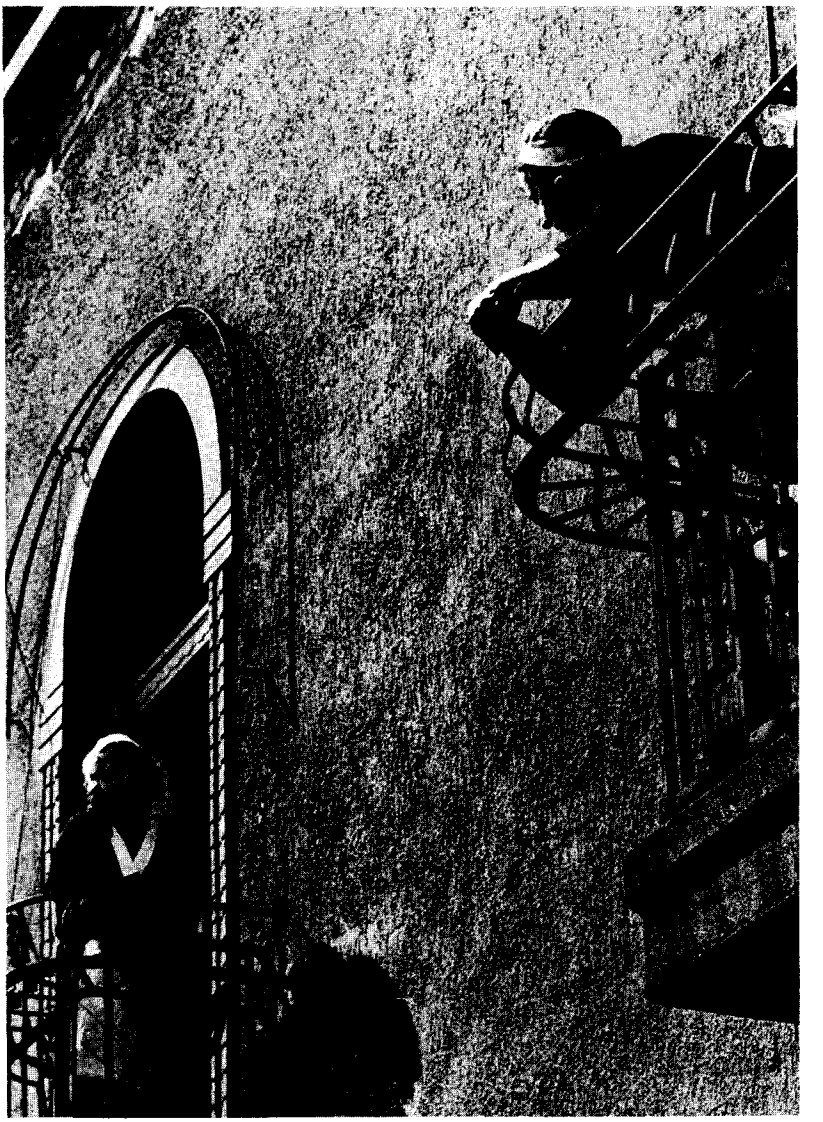

DR. J. KUNSZT BUDAPEST

HOW NEWS . . .

CORONET

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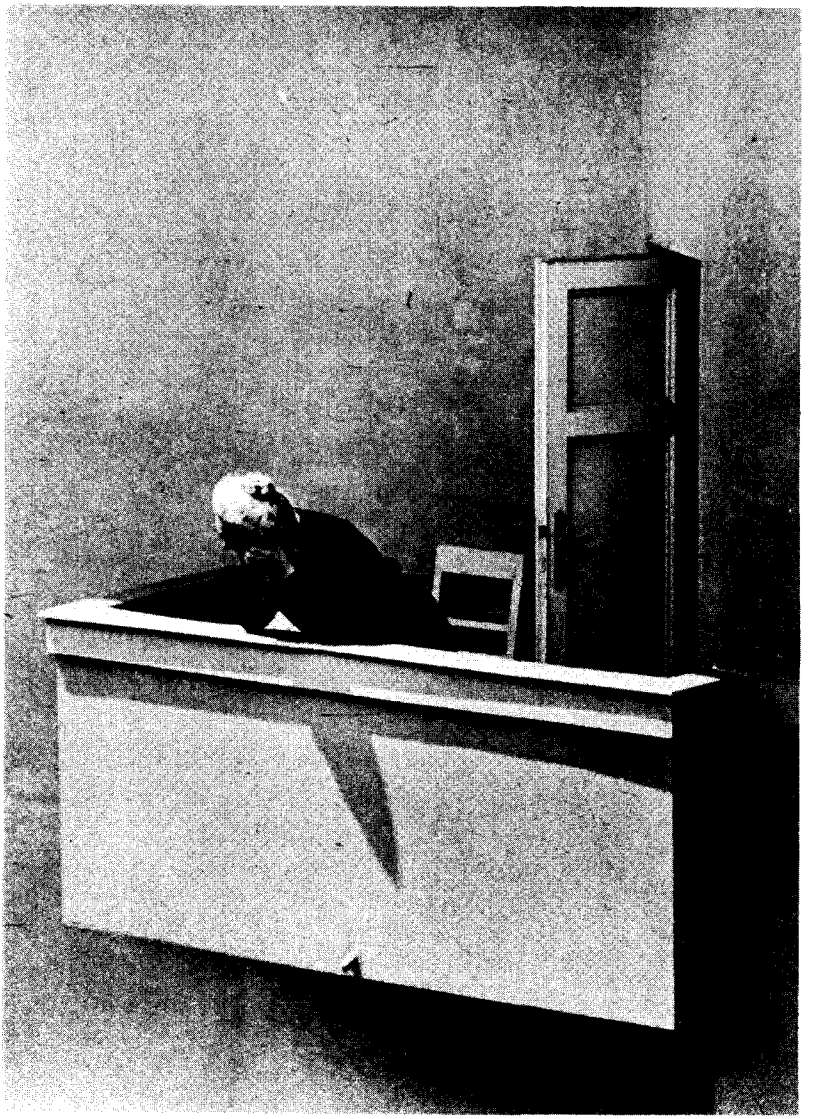

DR. J. KUNSZT BUDAPEST

. . . GETS AROUND

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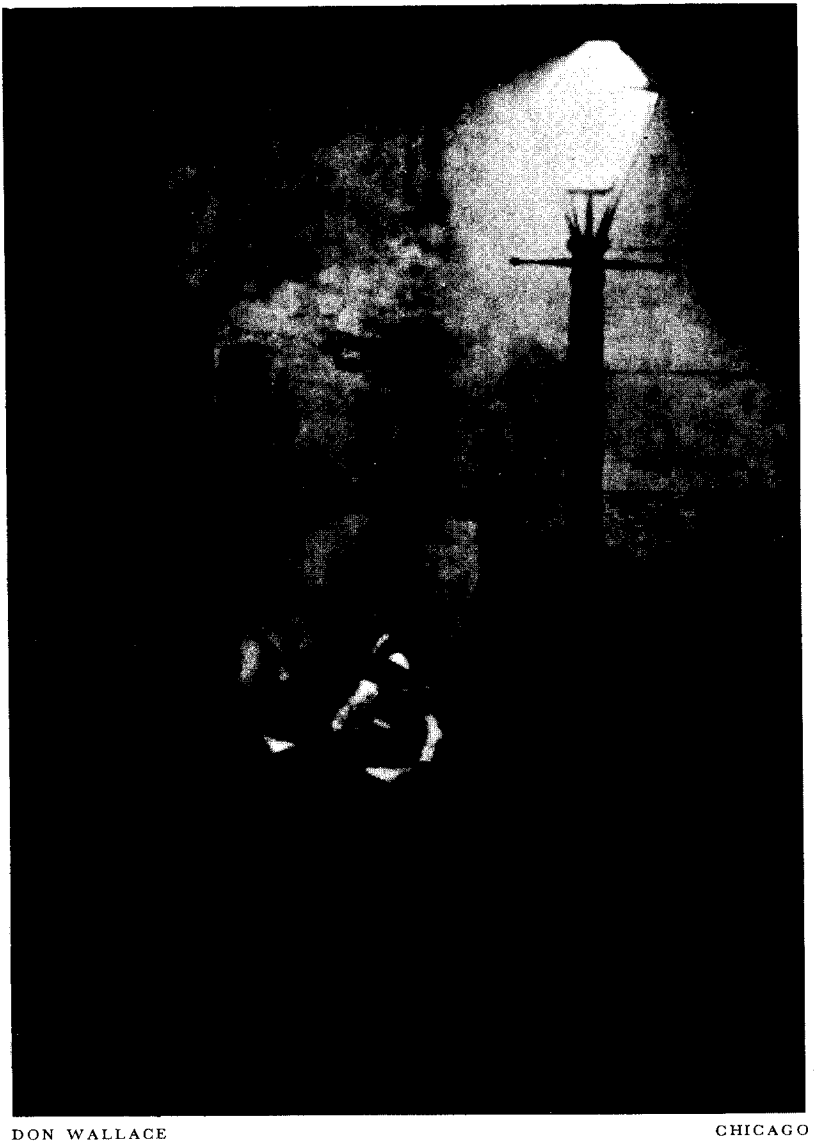

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

LAMPLIGHT

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DORIEN LEIGH, LTD. BLACK STAR PHOTO

PILGRIM'S HANDS

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ANDOR ANGYALFI

SOPRON, HUNGARY

DAYTIME

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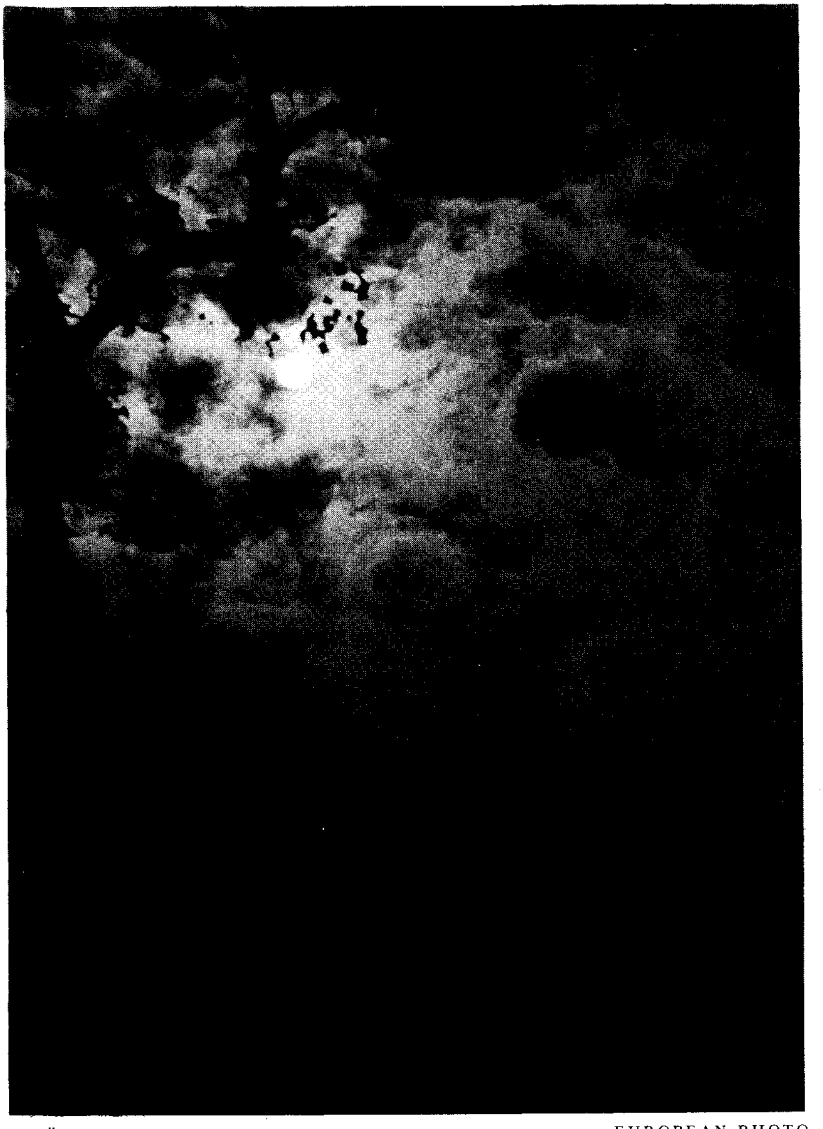

JENÖ DULOVITS — EUROPEAN PHOTO

NIGHTTIME

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

LONG TRAIL AWINDING

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

AVENUE OF FLAGS

FEBRUARY, 1937

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HANNS TSCHIRA EUROPEAN PHOTO

LONE GULL

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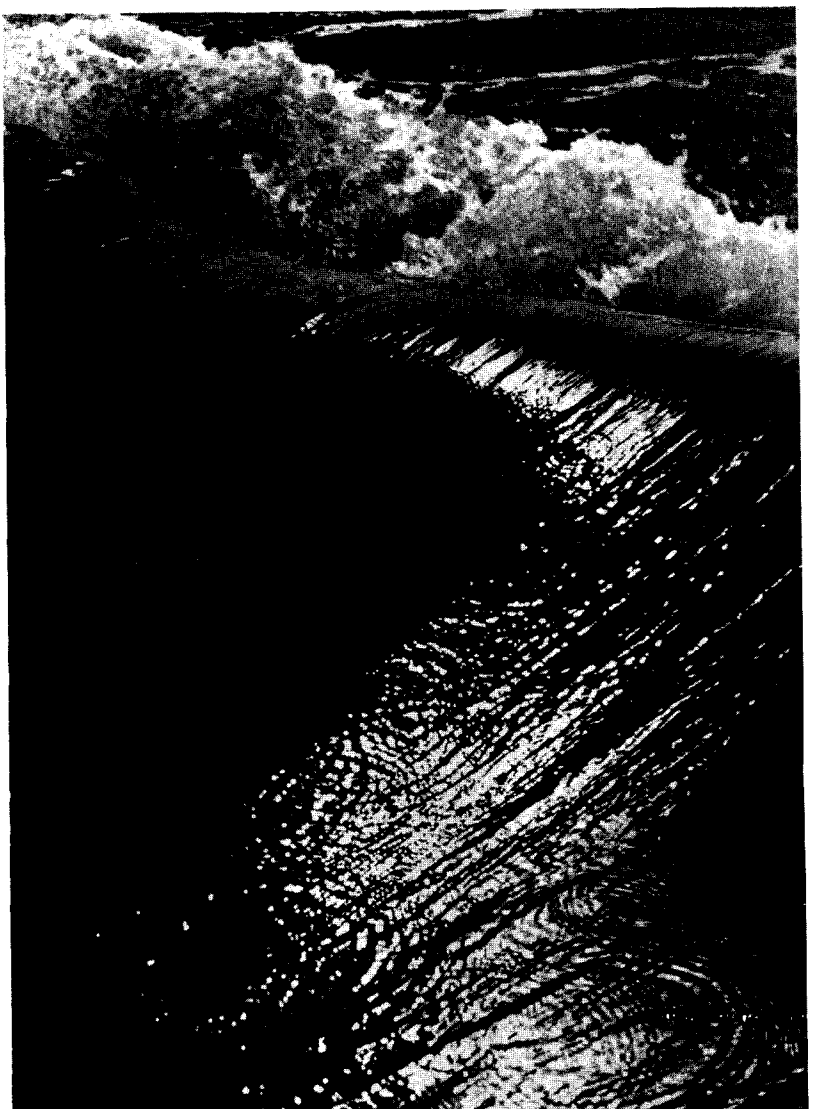

ALBERT KARPLUS VIENNA

A WAVE GOES HOME

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JOSEPH B. WERTZ MAYVILLE, N. Y.

THE YOUNG SOUTH

CORONET

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

HUCK FINN

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F. GRUBER SOPRON, HUNGARY

FIRST LESSON

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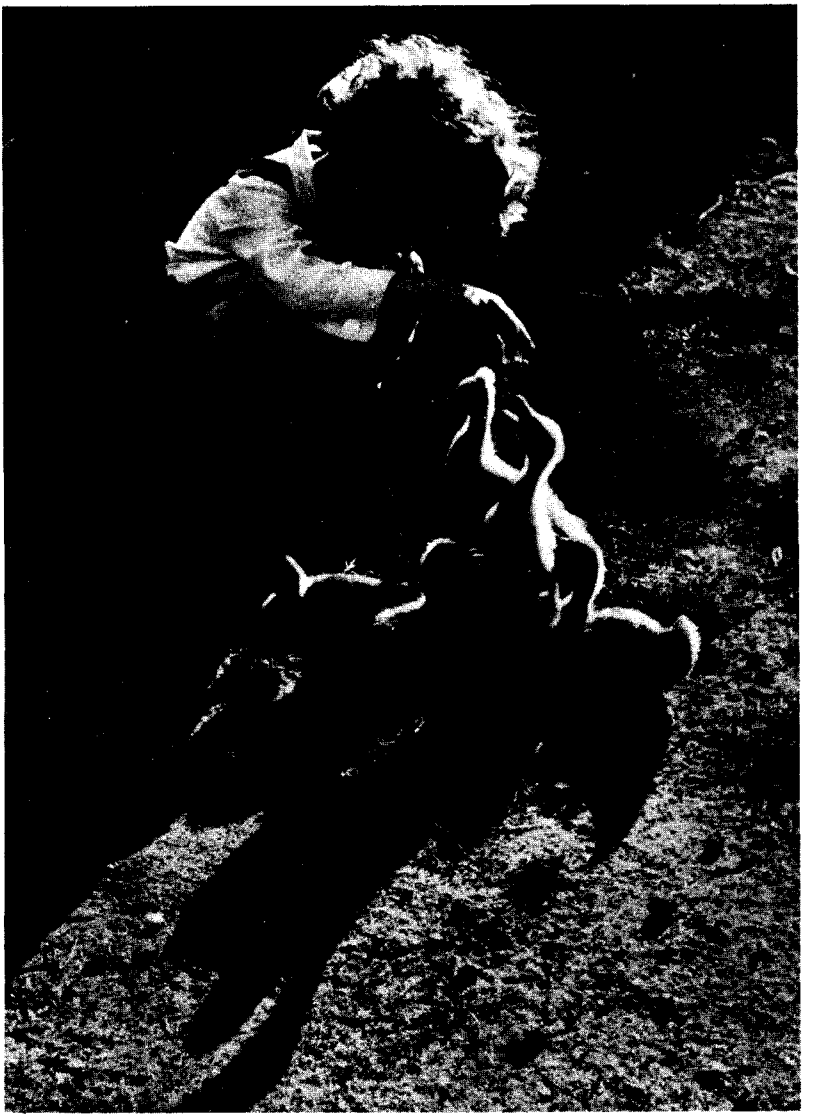

ANDOR ANGYALFI SOPRON, HUNGARY

GOOD FRIENDS

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MISUNDERSTOOD MOSCOW

THE LAND OF WHICH WE TALK FIRST AND THINK AFTERWARDS, IF AT ALL

CONVERSATIONAL roads have a great tendency, I notice, to lead to Russia. That is, if a group of reasonably intelligent people around a restaurant table, in a club, or a Pullman car, begin to discuss politics or economic conditions, as they are likely to do, the talk soon touches on what is going on in the Soviet Union. When the discussion reaches that point, it is to be observed that the most positive statements come from those who have never been to Russia and have made little effort to learn much about it. Which recalls a comment by James Harvey Robinson that most of us are always most certain about those questions which we have never weighed at all. A man accepts his own point of view as unassailable because he has never thought of any other. The fellow who is most cocksure that the Republicans, Democrats, or Presbyterians are the best group to join is usually one who has belonged to whatever organization he so heartily endorses since his birth and has never bothered to listen to criticisms from any rival group.

Walter Duranty, one of the best interpreters of Russia, once told me in Moscow: "Now that I have been here many years, it is more and more difficult to satisfy myself as to accuracy. It is easier to write about Russia, or about any strange country, when you have been there only a few weeks. Then you are so impressed by each new fact you discover that it doesn't seem necessary to look for further evidence."

Be that as it may, when I hear a man make a strong dogmatic statement about Russia, I feel fairly sure that he is relying on the scantiest of information—maybe just a chance remark he has overheard.

Misinformation regarding Russia seems to be widespread in the United States, notwithstanding that there have probably been more books about Russia published here than in any other country beyond the Soviet borders.

One of the commonest remarks about Russia in casual conversations here lately is that the Soviets are moving toward the right; that they are reshaping their economy to make it more like that in capitalistic countries.

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Having an insatiable curiosity myself, I have tried to learn the truth, both inside and outside of the Soviet Union, without finding any real evidence to support a statement that Russia is moving toward the right. Hence I often ask people who make such comments to mention specific examples. In exactly what respects are the Soviet boys shifting over to the right?

Sometimes my informant does not pretend to know anything definite on the subject. He simply knows, or thinks he does, that the Bolshies are becoming more like ourselves. But, on the other hand, a few people one meets do point to specific items that they consider proofs of a trend away from a socialized state. The commonest of these are:

1. They started out to pay everybody the same wages, but now they are differentiating in wage scales, paying each man according to his ability, according to what he does.

2. They are taking more interest in having good clothes and making a good appearance, even to opening up beauty shops and hairdressing parlors.

3. They sell government bonds to the people and these bear a high rate of interest. This will encourage people to invest their monev and live on income.

Now, such statements add up to make nonsense. Taking them up in order: Regardless of what we may think of the wisdom or lack of wisdom in the Soviets' plans, certainly it cannot be said that differentiating in wage scales is a departure from socialism. In fact, it is the very essence of Marxian principles under which the Russians have been attempting to operate. True, it would not be done under communism, but then there's a vast difference between socialism and communism. While the Soviets have a Communist party, one would have great difficulty in finding a Russian Communist who expects to see communism put into effect within less than fifty years. They say that it could never be done until all kinds of goods are so plentiful that it won't matter whether a person is paid according to his ability or according to his needs. I once heard a Russian high official asked: "Isn't it true that you are now paying your workers for what they *do*, just as in the United States?"

He smilingly replied: "I didn't know you did that in the United States. I thought some of your people with the largest incomes did no work at all."

Surely, however much we may deplore any of the means they have taken to gain their ends, we can hardly accuse the Bolshies of departing from principles they believed in just because they are now interested in having better clothes or more creature comforts. That's why they *had* their revolution—because they thought it would be possible to work out a kind of economy by which there

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could be better clothes, better food, and more comforts for everybody.

Their plan of selling to their own people interest-bearing bonds does seem closely akin to our kind of financial practices, but there is nothing new about this. They have been doing it for a long time. Probably it would not be necessary, either, as they could raise the same amount of money by other means. But a Russian financial official whom I asked about this said: "We have two reasons for selling bonds to the people. First, we want them to feel that they are participating in all that we are trying to build here. And another reason is that we know inflation is a bad thing. We know that it is unwise for the government to keep paying out more money than it takes in. We had to spend millions of rubles in wages for workers employed in building factories and power-plants at a time when the money did not come back to the government from the purchase by the people of so-called consumer goods. We did not yet have nearly enough consumer goods to offer. The only way to get the money back was by encouraging the purchase of bonds. At first these bonds carried a high interest rate—ten per cent. But those have nearly all been paid off. Our more recent bonds pay only six per cent interest and the rate will drop lower and lower on later issues."

"But if the higher paid workers should accumulate enough of these bonds wouldn't they begin to feel a bit capitalistic?" I asked him.

"No, I don't think so," was the reply. "If a person began to derive a really considerable income from bond interest, he would have to pay much of it back in taxes. You know we *have* taxes, though very little for the lower-paid workers, and exemptions are made to inventors or others performing especially important services; but our tax rate runs as high as 87 per cent of certain incomes."

"Still," I persisted, "mightn't a person acquire enough bonds to live without having to work, if he has simple tastes?"

My informant shook his head. "The very ones who receive the higher salaries and who would therefore be most capable of buying many bonds would be the least inclined to live without working. Of course I am not including old people on pension; but with us a man who is not contributing what he can to our upbuilding would be in poor standing with his fellows. Social disapproval would discourage a person from preferring to be a loafer. Indeed, anyone not engaged in socially useful work loses his citizenship, including his right to vote."

There is much evidence that the Soviets are *not* moving appreciably toward the right. Yet one does not have to wait long in a conversation on economic questions here in the United States to hear positive but unthinking statements to the contrary.

Likewise a long list of other mis-

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understandings about Russia continue to bob up. In roaming over the United States, one meets a surprising number of people who still think that all Russian babies are taken from their mothers at birth and raised by the state. The explanation for the continued acceptance of such a fallacy is probably the great number of nurseries in connection with factories, collective farms and elsewhere, all over the Soviet Union, where employed mothers may have their babies well cared for during the day. If it took all babies at birth, what would the state do with them all? The birth rate is high, and even with the great number of child welfare institutions, it would be impossible to care for all children unless mothers do their full share.

Why, I hear people ask, does Russia tolerate such loose marriage laws, with people getting married over and over again the same year?

The answer is that, while easy divorce privileges were considerably abused some years ago, the divorce rate in the Soviet Union is now about the same as in the United States.

Many people still believe that all priests in the Soviet Union were executed and that all churches have been closed by law. Yet, twenty-eight churches are still operating in Moscow. True, at one time there were about five hundred. Most of them ceased to exist simply because people quit attending them.

People who for one reason or another happen to have strong anti-Semitic prejudices often ask if the Soviet Union is not a Jewish government. Are not most of the high officials Jews? Stalin, of course, is not a Jew. Neither is Kalinin, the president of the Union; Voroshilov, head of the national defense; nor Molotov, chairman of the commissars. Indeed, aside from Litvinov, head of the department of foreign affairs, one cannot recall many Jews in the higher positions. Certainly the percentage is no higher than would be found in the government of any great nation, aside from Germany.

Perhaps the most difficult question to understand by those of us who have been brought up under a totally different economic concept, is how there can be enough incentive to perform to the best of one's ability unless there is great freedom for acquiring property. Truly, the hope of reward in the form of property, or wealth, *is* an incentive to work, but it is by no means the only one. Alexander Graham Bell once told me that he never dreamed of making any money out of inventing the telephone. His chief concern was simply to get enough money from other sources to enable him to go on with his fascinating experiments. Orville Wright, co-inventor of the aeroplane, told me practically the same thing. And for that matter, the young man who permits himself to be mauled and dragged all over the lot in a football game, does not do so for money but

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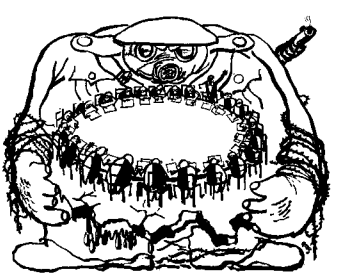
because he hopes to wear a certain letter on his sweater. The village doctor who goes through life ministering to people's ills, subject to calls at all hours of the night, regardless of weather, seldom reaches an advanced age in possession of much money. But he usually is held in great esteem in his community as a highly useful citizen and probably gets enough satisfaction from that to keep him interested.

The Bolshies seem to have much less violent prejudice against our kind of economy than we do against theirs. They send engineers, scientists, and teachers here, on government pay, to learn and adopt whatever seems useful to them, and they are unreserved in admiration of our technical efficiency. I sometimes wonder if, no matter how much we may prefer our own general scheme, it might not be possible for open-minded capitalists to go over and pick up a few useful ideas, even from the Bolshies.

Now that the Soviet Union has a new Constitution, with voting by all the people, free speech and a free press, many Americans, including a number of editorial writers, have been saying that this is a move to the right. A little thought will make it plain that the move is definitely leftist. The Bolsheviks would not relax the dictatorship if they thought there is any danger of the people taking advantage of voting and free speech to attack the present socialist regime. In the beginning there were only a relatively few Bolsheviks who believed in building socialism, with communism as the ultimate goal. Now nearly all the people have moved to the left and believe the same as the original Communists did. I talked a year or so ago with Andrei Vyshinsky, Attorney-General for the Russian Republic (one of the seven Soviet Republics) who has played an important part in drafting the new Constitution. He said: "The time is rapidly approaching when we can do the things we have always believed in. Our dictatorship has never been the goal but simply a device to hasten our reaching the goal."

—Fred C. Kelly

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE



These learned gentlemen are having
a disarmament conference.
Disarmament means increasing
armaments slowly.
One nation must not get too far
ahead.
Thus we keep peace and good-will
among the nations.

—Otto S. Mayer

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"*Does it matter what it is—? I'm allowed 35 pounds, ain't I—?*"

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"Capitan! El Capitan!—Yoo-hoo!"

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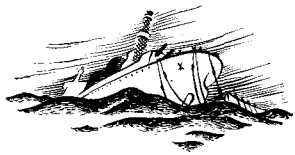
WHY TEN THOUSAND DIED

IT PROVED NOTHING AND IT SOLVED LESS, BUT 'TWAS A GLORIOUS BATTLE



On May 31, 1916, the British and German battle-fleets met off the coast of Denmark, hurled a few tons of T.N.T. at each other and went home without accomplishing anything but a good-sized casualty list. On the night of June 5, 1916, H.M.S. *Hampshire*, carrying Lord Kitchener to Archangel on his mission of doctoring the Russian steam-roller's bellyache, struck a mine and went down with all but twelve of her people. There has not been more hooey written about any other pair of events in the history of the World War, from elaborate strategical treatises about the battle to complicated "revelations" about spies and treachery in connection with the sinking of the cruiser.

Really, both were quite simple and closely connected; something less than 7000 Englishmen and something over 3000 Germans lost their lives, and a quarter of a million tons of the finest warships in the world went to the bottom of the ocean in a deliberate German plan to get one Englishman —and they didn't get him.

The evidence is not all in, but about as much of it is as ever will be, and when the pieces are fitted together it is difficult to see how any other conclusion can be reached than the one set forth here. In the action that took place there were five elements:

(1) The character of Sir John Jellicoe.

(2) The character of Sir David Beatty.

(3) The fact that both Germans and British could decode each other's intercepted cipher wireless messages after twenty-four hours at most.

(4) The fact that the Germans knew the British could read their codes without much difficulty, while the British thought the Germans couldn't do much with theirs.

(5) The shape of the British Grand Fleet base at Scapa Flow.

Old Lord Fisher, "Jacky" Fisher, who had Jellicoe appointed commander of the British fleet at the beginning of the war, says the Germans were very displeased when they heard of it, "because they knew of his extreme intelligence." That may be, but the Kaiser's boys soon found out that Sir John was too smart to dig

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them out of their bases or even seriously to hamper them there, and as 1916 gave them the chance to try the unrestricted submarine campaign, this suited them fine. But they knew that Jellicoe would not last unless he did something soon, and Beatty, the commander of the battle-cruiser squadron, next in line of succession to Jellicoe, was a different crate of eggs. He played rough; right at the beginning of the war he pushed his battle-cruisers into Heligoland Bight, defying mines, submarines and shore batteries, sank three German cruisers and got away. A little later when the Germans raided the British coast, Beatty caught them and was giving them a most unholy pounding when his own ship, the *Lion*, was crippled and the admiral who fell heir to the command did not dare to press on.

The Germans must have been pretty well aware of Beatty's tendency to rush at his opponents under 120 pounds head of steam; the study of opposing officers' psychology was a regular feature at all the headquarters during the war. They were also perfectly aware that when the Grand Fleet went out in battle formation Beatty led with his battle-cruisers, followed by the five *Queen Elizabeths*, the fastest, most powerful and most modern units of the British navy.

At this time the Grand Fleet lay at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. It is a large bay formed by three islands having the general shape of a circumflex accent over an umlaut, like this ◌̂ . The western end of the circumflex is called Marwick Head, and the passage just south of it Hoy Sound. The passage between the two southern islands which form the umlaut is called the Pentland Skerries; it is not very good, but could be used by the fleet in a pinch. The eastern passage, the one normally used by the Grand Fleet in rushing across the North Sea to take a poke at the Germans, is called Holm Sound.

In the early part of 1916 Hoy Sound was used only by provision and fuel ships coming up from Belfast and western Scotland, small fry which the Germans made little attempt to interfere with so that the British maintained only a rather languid mine and submarine patrol off this entrance. The Teutons had had one or two tries at Holm Sound and the Pentland Skerries, but the British kept a vigilant watch on these gates and either sank the subs that tried them or chased them away while still some distance from their objectives.

Meanwhile the Germans were picking British radio messages out of the air and decoding them for what information they could gain. The English changed their codes every day, but for some time the Germans had been able to read them. On May 25 a cipher expert at Nauen noticed that in the batch of routine messages there were no less than three, dated a couple of hours apart, from the captain of the destroyer *Torrent* to the officer in charge of anti-mine

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operations at Scapa, reporting Hoy Sound and the western side of the Orkneys as far north as Marwick Head free of mines. This gave the code man the idea that the British were planning some special fleet movement in that direction—(parenthetically, they were not, *Torrent's* captain just felt conversational)—and though for the life of him he could not imagine what it might be, he called the attention of his superiors to this sudden interest in the western Orkneys.

For some time previous the German high command had been planning a sortie by the High Sea Fleet, partly because things weren't going so good at Verdun, and partly because there was a chance that the British battle-cruiser force, with impetuous Beatty leading, might be decoyed into a minefield and blown up. The next step is inference, but not, I think, an unreasonable one under the circumstances. They changed the plan to suck Beatty into a minefield, not off the German coast, but off his own base.

The British had the German codes and the Germans knew they had them; they also knew that a rush of radio messages ordering a concentration of the High Sea Fleet would bring Jellicoe tearing out of Scapa like a jack-in-the-box. They also had a new mine-laying submarine in harbor, which had just completed her trials—*U-75*, Commander Kurt Beitzen. She was an improved type, carrying (and this is an important element in the case) 33 mines instead of the 32 usual for a mine-laying sub. The high command ordered her out at once to lay her eggs on the west side of the Orkneys, in the channel just reported clear by H.M.S. *Torrent*. The next step was to make sure that the British, and especially the *Lion*, with Beatty aboard, would hit these mines. Three other submarines were therefore ordered out to approach the eastern outlets of Scapa Flow—the Pentland Skerries and Holm Sound—letting their boats be seen and even chased, but not risking them especially. The idea was merely to make certain that the British knew they were there. (These special orders are inference again, but the movements of the submarines are not.)

All four of the subs would be in position about May 28 or 29. On the latter date the German radio stations, ship to shore and reverse, tuned up at a furious rate, sending out orders for a general fleet concentration and a movement north along the Danish coast during the 31st, and sending them in a code the Germans knew the British could read. What they counted on was that the reports of heavy submarine activity off Holm Sound and the Pentland Skerries would make Jellicoe think the German fleet movement was designed to decoy the British into a submarine trap off Holm Sound; he would thereupon order the fleet to use the Hoy Sound exit with the idea of running around the northern island. The Germans had never laid mines as far

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north as Hoy Sound and their presence would not be suspected; the fleet, with Beatty and the battle-cruisers in the lead, would rush into *U-75's* little bundle of surprise packages, and with any luck at all they ought to get three or four of the battle-cruisers, while they could hardly miss sinking Beatty and the *Lion*.

The plan flopped in two respects. *U-75* dropped her mines on the night of May 29 in weather not very good for the operation. Next morning one of them broke loose and floated to the surface, where it was spotted by a British patrol-boat. The Grand Fleet minesweepers were turned out at once to clear the channel. It was easy for them to identify the mines as having been laid by a submarine, as subs use a special type of mine. They swept up thirty-two, the known capacity of German mine-layers, and then came home, leaving one mine, the extra one which *U-75* carried, still in position.

The second failure of the German plan was that Jellicoe failed to worry about the submarine activity off his eastern exit. As soon as it was certain that the German fleet was out, the Grand Fleet went tearing through Holm Sound with Beatty and his battle-cruisers in the lead, and a few hours later they were off the Skagerrak, exchanging compliments with von Scheer's battle-cruisers.

The ironic part of the incident was that after the shooting was all over, the Germans' scheme to bump off England's number one admiral should accidentally and unexpectedly succeed in bringing down her number one general. The stories about a plan to sink Kitchener are the bunk; the Germans never planned any such thing. Kitchener himself did not decide to go to Russia till the night of June 3; he got on a train for Scotland a couple of hours later and was at Scapa Flow before news of his having left London could have reached the German intelligence department. He sailed from Scapa on the cruiser *Hampshire* in the night of the fifth, when a northeast gale was blowing so heavily that Captain Savill of the cruiser decided to use the Hoy Sound exit and run up the western side of the Orkneys north in the shelter of the land to keep out of the storm. Off Marwick Head, with all the miles of safe ocean available, he had to run square onto *U-75's* thirty-third egg, and down went the *Hampshire* in fifteen minutes. The final and bitterest touch of irony is that in sinking Kitchener the Germans really did their enemies a favor; for the old man had worn out his usefulness as a War Minister, and the British Cabinet was looking desperately for a chance to unload him without destroying the wonderful legend they had built up around him in two years of war. It cost them 7000 men and all the ships sunk at Jutland to get rid of him, but it was doubtless cheap at the price.

—Fletcher Pratt

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

III. IGNATZ STRASSNOF WHO TOOK ALL THE HAPSBURG EMPIRE FOR HIS STAGE

IGNATZ STRASSNOF, one of the most artistic swindlers and imposters of Central Europe, began as an actor and went on to become a blackmail virtuoso, a master pretender, a nimble witted trickster—in short, an all around rapscallion. All the histrionic tricks and trappings from his early theatrical experience in Miskolcz, Hungary, he managed to apply at large with good returns. He realized, as all good actors do, that the less the makeup the more convincing the impersonation. So he fared forth from behind the footlights—his black hair parted in the middle, slicked down over his temples; a monocle in his right eye, his mouth drawn into a cynical line, his athletic body tightly corseted in the uniform of an officer of Hussars, his hat adorned by a shining visor cocked to one side, all bedecking the perfect picture of a Hungarian aristocrat. And to his dying day his monocle never left its impressive setting. So Europe became his stage.

The glamour of certain settings enhances the effectiveness of a commendable impersonation. In the pompous Hapsburg Empire, Strassnof's whole fantastic career was to fit as cosily and as good naturedly as the last missing piece to an intricate jigsaw puzzle. In that world of illusion and superficialities, appearance and demeanors lubricated the threadbare gears of a rust corroded dynasty. High sounding honors, over-inflated titles, showily lustrous uniforms and forbiddingly haughty bearings all combined to form an altar to the worship of glorified unreality.

Strolling along the stately banks of the Danube as it cuts through the heart of romantic Budapest, indulging in myriads of fantasies, aglitter in his full, faked, military regalia, a role for a play flashed into Strassnof's head. Immediately he felt himself transformed into a genuine Hungarian nobleman—with a desire—and an idea.

He favored the furnisher of furs to the Imperial family with a visit. He was sent by his colonel, he explained, to transact an important deal on behalf of the quartermaster. It was unfortunate that the last shipment of fur trimmings for the coats of the Hussars' uniforms had been a total disappointment. A dress review in honor of the Emperor was scheduled for an early

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date and four thousand sets of substantial fur trimmings were needed at once. No other establishment enjoyed his confidence so completely as this one did.

The dealer and his client found each other most congenial, and the matter of price was quickly settled at 20,000 kronen. Strassnof explained confidentially that he was authorized to pay 28,000 kronen in which event he was ready to divide equally the 8,000 kronen difference with the firm, with the only condition that he receive his half immediately.

"But this, mind you," he whispered to the dealer, "is strictly between us. And should you ever break your word, remember you have dealt with a Prince."

The dealer, realizing the distinction of the transaction, paid the 4,000 kronen without delay.

Strassnof, seeing how easily he could be of service to the army, could not help but think how many more items his cavalry corps needed. Oats and and hay for the horses, whips, spurs, and leather fittings for the men he could think of offhand. In his self assumed capacity of purchasing agent he called on the largest dealers in these supplies in Budapest, and did very well. But so long does the fly go to the honey until it gets stuck. Just as Caesar had his Brutus and Napoleon his Waterloo, so was it logical for Strassnof too to meet with misfortune—and be nabbed by the police. For twenty-one months he retired from the army, and when at the end of that time he was released from jail he was a new man. Despite all the thrills and excitement, to say nothing of the good fun growing out of his adventures, he concluded that crime does not pay and decided to turn a new leaf.

He got a minor job on the leading Socialist organ in Budapest. From 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. daily he patiently accommodated himself to the dull grind of his new work. It was another way of keeping out of mischief.

But it wasn't in the cards for him to remain alienated from possible excitements, and soon new ethereal waves of adventure flashed into the frequency of his receptiveness.

His employer, Zoltan Karlitz, the publisher of the paper, announced his candidacy for the Hungarian Parliament on the Independent ticket. The party in power had the district safely in the bag and anticipated another victory.

But within an hour of the closing of the polls, when Karlitz's defeat was certain, Strassnof had an inspiration. The Ofen Shipyards, one of the largest in Austria-Hungary, had refused to give their four hundred workmen the chance to vote to prevent them from going to the polls for Karlitz.

Strassnof flew to the telephone, was connected with the director of the Shipyards, and in his most imperious and cavalier manner announced himself as the Minister of Commerce. First, on behalf of the party in power, he thanked the Herr Director for keeping

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his workers away from the polls. Then he went on to tell him that the danger was now over and the Government candidate assured of re-election. (The balloting was oral.) In fact, he would even suggest that in order not to make a martyr of Karlitz, it would be in the best interests of the Shipyards to give the workers a chance to vote, since the Government candidate already had a safe majority.

The Herr Director was only too happy to oblige because of the sweet way in which he thought the innocent workers were being fooled without their becoming the wiser.

Within the hour four hundred workers marched to the polls and four hundred voices rang out as one for the hated Independent candidate. And when the votes were counted, it was found that Strassnof's spritely impudence had elected Karlitz by 83 votes.

And as one good turn deserves many more, Strassnof, to begin with, received the justly deserved appointment of secretary to the romantically elected member of Parliament. In his new post, the possibilities for personal expansion were in marked contrast to the limitations of his unimportant job of only two months before. Things were wide open. He enjoyed the complete confidence of Representative Karlitz who even entrusted him with the management of his personal financial affairs.

And now Strassnof did something which was really unworthy of him. Swindling was his true vocation, but forging his employer's name to checks to help out a girl friend, Dora, was an unfortunate comedown. This time it wasn't a case of being sent to the Big House up the river. The authorities promoted him to associate with the more substantial transgressors by dispatching him for three years to the Alcatraz of Hungary—the massive towers of Szegedin. There he rubbed elbows and chains with some of the most distinguished highwaymen of Hungary who robbed the rich to feed the poor and whose exploits and adventures inspired the hearts of bards and minstrels.

This second trying experience strengthened his original conviction that in spite of everything, crime does not pay. So upon his enlargement, he turned a second leaf. He decided to go to America where honest men have a chance—and the sooner, the better. As a pioneer in the making, he wished to live up to the tradition that with an industrious life, he would be able to buy his passage across. But he became over-hasty. With an honest job, it takes one too long, so Strassnof decided to try a short cut for which the police sent him away for a post graduate course of two years. Upon the completion of his third prison term, he emerged with the renewed faith that honesty is the best policy. But this motto guided him only until the first opportunity came his way to turn a dishonest penny.

His grateful Dora, for whose virtue and charm he had gladly sacrificed

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three years in prison, became again his faithful companion and partner. Dora was a regular churchgoer. More than that, she had in his absence formed some connections that had given her some interesting and now useful information about the highest dignitaries of the Hungarian Church, their habits and virtues, follies and foibles. Strassnof went to work.

He dispatched a telegram to His Eminence, the Bishop of Neutra, to the effect that he would visit him the following day upon most urgent business entrusted to him by the highest papal authority and signed himself as Ministerial Councilor von Zahranyi.

At noon the next day, he alighted in Neutra where the Bishop's personal carriage awaited him. Without delay he was whisked to the Bishop's palace and ushered into the library.

But no sooner did Strassnof enter the room than the venerable dignitary rushed towards him with outstretched arms, embraced and kissed him fervently.

"God bless you, my dear nephew Geza. After such a long time, you've come to see your old uncle."

Strassnof is numb with surprise. What is this? He thought he had plugged all the possible holes, but in assuming the name of a high official, he never dreamed that it would turn out to be one which would make him a blood relation of his prospective victim. It was a matter of landing a good idea or landing in jail. Here Strassnof showed his genius and immediately set a brilliant idea into motion.

Calmly he turned to his long lost uncle and asked:

"But why do you look at me so strangely, so surprised, dear uncle?"

"I don't know. You seem to have changed so. Aren't you a bit taller and isn't your complexion much darker? You don't seem like the same Geza," the uncle kept repeating as he scrutinized his guest observantly.

Strassnof sighed sadly.

"I'm so sorry, dear uncle, to realize how true are the rumors in high circles that your memory is failing you, and to know that it necessitates the immediate appointment of an administrator to take charge of your affairs."

"What? I? Losing my mind? Going mad? An administrator for me? They must be crazy themselves. Why I'm in perfect health. I don't need any help," protested the old man shaking with excitement.

"Why uncle, you didn't even recognize me now. I'm happy that I was sent instead of a stranger so that we can keep this thing in the family."

"Certainly I recognize you. Who says I didn't. Nonsense! Rubbish! Why, your eyes are the very eyes of your dear departed mother—my poor sister, and your mouth is her mouth."

"Well, personally, I'm convinced that your memory is as good as ever. But something must be done about those damaging rumors."

"What do you propose? They must be stopped at once."

"With a substantial sum of money

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all can be arranged. Not a penny for me you understand. It's all to silence the higher officials and their malicious gossip," Strassnof confided.

The uncle was relieved and rejoiced that his own flesh and blood had come to his aid. A neatly tied box was carefully prepared for Strassnof and amidst the heartfelt thanks of the Bishop for his call and concern, he bade him an affectionate farewell.

And since this coup had proved such a success, it would have been a pity not to repeat the performance. So Strassnof, back in Vienna, proceeded to send another urgent telegram, this time to His Eminence, the Bishop of Steinamanger. Again he signed the same name as before for the simple reason that as Geza, he might have one Bishop for an uncle, but certainly not two.

The interview with the Bishop of Steinamanger was short and to the point. It was merely a matter of going through the motions now. Strassnof confided that he had inside information that His Eminence was about to be transferred to the much poorer diocese of Nagyvarad, which meant an undignified demotion, a most disheartening prospect. The Bishop, frightened by this propitious warning, suggested they bring into consultation his trusted friend, His Excellency, the Governor of the province. Strassnof amiably consented.

The Governor hastened to answer the urgent call of the prelate. But no sooner was he introduced to Strassnof and did he hear his name, then he threw himself on his neck and warmly kissed him.

"Geza. So it's you. My old friend Geza. The same old Geza," and embraced him again. Then turning to the Bishop he proudly recollected:

"When Geza and I were young fellows we worked in the Ministry, side by side, for three years. We were always together, always inseparable. Those were the good old days when cares of state didn't weigh upon us as they do now."

With this state of affairs, Strassnof thought it expedient to dispatch his business quickly, while His Excellency, the Governor, repeated continually that it was a most fortunate circumstance that an old and trusted friend like Geza was at hand. And that 50,000 kronen was certainly a negligible sum for him to distribute to save the situation.

It was painful for the old friends to part, but Strassnof lightened the sad farewell by inviting the intimate companion of his youth to call upon him at the Ministry without fail on his very next trip to Vienna.

Conventional greetings and indefinite invitations are seldom accepted at face value. But lifelong friendship rises above idle convention. And so when his Excellency, the Governor, next found himself in Vienna, he made it a point to look up his old friend Geza at the Ministry. He sent in his card to Ministerial Councilor von Zahranyi (the other one, the real one, not Strassnof) who had some difficulty

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in doing it but at last succeeded in convincing his innocent comrade that he and the Bishop had been the victims of a first class swindle such as only the incomparable Ignatz Strassnof himself could have engineered.

The two outraged officials, each with his own axe to grind, insisted upon going with the police when they set out to capture Strassnof. For him this was just another arrest, but to his captors it was most upsetting to find that when the two Gezas came face to face, they actually did resemble each other.

Before the court, Strassnof readily admitted his guilt. But like the man of experience that he was he envisaged a wholesale rate for all his unpunished crimes. He freely confessed that he had another Bishop on his conscience and related the whole incident with the Bishop of Neutra. The court was most appreciative of his assistance and co-operation and without delay wired the Bishop for complete information.

The answer came at once. It read:

"It is utterly untrue that I was ever visited by one Strassnof, or that I ever gave him any money. A few months ago my nephew, His Excellency, the Imperial and Regal Ministerial Councilor von Zahranyi, the closest of my kin, came to see me, and do me a good turn. And whether or not I gave my nephew any money is nobody's business. Consider the incident closed, once and for all!"

This also Strassnof did not anticipate. And the court, now angered by the lack of corroboration, interpreted Strassnof's voluntary confession not as assistance but as a brazen attempt to interfere with the course of justice. And a much heavier sentence was imposed upon him as a reward for the truth which he had spoken for once in his life.

This would have been the appropriate moment to ring down the curtain on Strassnof's exciting career, for his experience with the Bishops was his crowning triumph. But Fortune, like an exhausted writer, wound up her catastrophe rather awkwardly. During the next fifteen years Strassnof was engaged in a monotonously unending series of visits to some of the finest jails of Hungary and Austria. Finally, an old and broken man, he published his *Memoirs*, but as writing was not his metier, it brought him little besides a bit of faded glory. Then some admirers set him up in a tiny grocer's shop in his native village in Hungary, but he who had been many times a prince was ill suited for such a confining and unimaginative role. When this failed he prepared to end his career as he had begun it, on the stage, as the hero of a play glorifying his own exploits. But the scandalized police of Budapest refused to let it open.

And so at last, three years ago, penniless and dying of an incurable disease, he was taken to the hospital in Debreczin, Hungary. All his remaining possessions consisted of a well worn and faded uniform of a Lieutenant of Hussars, and his only friend, his inseparable monocle. —EMIL LANG

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"I've been reciting Omar Khayyam for three weeks and nobody knows the difference"

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"I'm expecting a diploma from the National correspondence school!"

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LOVE AND HENRI GAUTRIER

GOD CHOSE TO MAKE A STUPID GIRL
THE GUARDIAN OF AN ARTIST'S FAME

AT THE *Renoir Galèries* in the *Rue de la Paix* there had been arriving from all over the world throughout the first four months of 1912 pictures by Henri Gautrier. To the request of the great painter himself art galleries, museums and private collectors in every civilized country had responded generously so that at the exhibition to be held to celebrate his fiftieth birthday there was gathered by the first week in May almost the whole of his considerable artistic output of a painting career of nearly thirty years. There were in all one hundred ninety-seven canvases varying from the tiny exquisite *Nocturne* from the collection of Sir Julius Weinberg to the tremendous cartoon *Amnon and Tamar* in the possession of the Sydney Art Gallery. The exhibition was to open on Monday, May 13 and by the previous Saturday it was reckoned by art experts that probably fewer than a dozen pictures by Henri Gautrier were not at that particular moment housed in the famous *Renoir Galèries*.

And sometime during the early hours of Sunday morning the *Galèries* were fired and before the rising sun put out the glare the whole of that incomparable collection of masterpieces had gone up in smoke and flame; there was left not so much as a square foot of blackened canvas to show for the thirty years' work of a man who was indubitably the greatest painter of his time.

Before Paris and the world at large had begun to recover from the shock of this shattering blow a second one was struck: Gautrier committed suicide in his *appartement* in the *Rue de la Concorde* by plunging a carving fork into his carotid artery. Perhaps even more shocking than the suicide itself was the grotesque horror of the method adopted, although the eccentricities of the great painter had long since accustomed Paris to expect nothing from him but the unexpected, the bizarre, the grotesque, even the ludicrous. The anchoretic life he led in his small bare flat and his notorious indifference to women were alone sufficient, in the opinion of many, to mark him out as a man to whom normal standards do not apply. But, its method apart, by the

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mere fact of his suicide he very definitely returned to normality for surely that was a normal reaction to so overwhelming a blow as the destruction of his life's work: thus, for a considerable time, Paris and the rest of the world reasoned; it needed the events of the following six months to suggest that such reasoning was as false as it could be and that the astounding truth was that Gautrier himself had fired the *Galèries*. He had planned it, with his suicide, as the final links in a chain.

In November, 1880 Henri Gautrier came up to Paris from his village home in Lorraine to study painting in the famous studio of Jules Delacroix. He was a small, rather frail, black-haired youngster of eighteen, shy, gauche, taciturn, with nothing about him to mark the genius within him unless it were the deep-set, brilliant, steel-grey eyes. That none recognized his genius was not surprising for he was unaware of it himself and for a considerable time his work showed nothing more than an uninspired competence. Even Delacroix himself, that magnet, that touchstone of genius, failed at first to discern the small spark, faint enough no doubt but indisputably there; and so, finding the boy reserved and difficult of approach and his work no more than of moderate talent, he left him to his own devices and, as was his way, devoted himself to more (or apparently more) gifted students.

For a time young Gautrier's shyness and reserve shut him off from much of the social life of the students' quarter but presently, as his slow barricades began to fall before the many friendly overtures, he began to frequent the small restaurants and cafés where the others met of an evening to eat and talk. He discovered a talent in himself for stringing rhymes together and improvising tunes for them and soon these songs of his were not only familiar in most of the studios and cheap cafés but assured for him a boisterous welcome. And before the warmth of these friendly welcomes his shyness, his reserve and, most of all his gaucherie, slowly melted.

When each dawn,
Yvonne, I awake,
I release you
From my arms
Where nightlong
In my dreams
You have lain.
The morning steals you away, Yvonne.

When at night,
Yvonne, I fall asleep,
You escape
From my heart
Where daylong
I have held you.
The night bears you away, Yvonne.

O dawn tarry!
Be tardy O Night!
For I am desolate, Yvonne,
When you leave me.

This song, written perhaps a year after his first meeting with Yvonne

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Lebrun, achieved a wider fame than that of the students' quarter and at one time was known to most singers of such sentimentalities.

It seems a foolish enough string of words but there was a sad lilt and a sort of boyish wistfulness residing in the French words which have escaped in translation.

Yvonne Lebrun was the only child of Madame Veuve Lebrun who kept the *Chat Noir* restaurant, just then perhaps the most popular of all the restaurants favored by the students. She was a plump, pretty and rather stupid girl, three years younger than Gautrier, who was twenty when they first met. She had for some years been living with an aunt at Toulouse but on her seventeenth birthday returned home to assist her mother in the management of the restaurant. And young Gautrier promptly fell quite frantically in love with her and poured out, to the neglect of his painting, a stream of poems and songs inspired by his passionate adoration of her.

The girl found the thing rather embarrassing and indeed more than a little ludicrous, for after a bottle of wine Gautrier's taciturnity fell from him to be replaced by a whirlwind volubility which expressed itself in long ardent speeches, in wild poems, and in songs which, had she loved him, she might have found very dear to her but which she thought merely indecent. For the lamentable truth was that far from returning his passion she was unmoved by it, only liked him at all when he was sober and well-behaved (*quand vous êtes serieux, Henri*, as she phrased it) and into the bargain loved and was already betrothed (although Gautrier did not know it) to Gaston Lecoq, the head waiter at the *Chat Noir*.

There was perhaps no particular reason why Yvonne should have told Gautrier of her attachment but certainly her mother, who was really fond of him, might well have done so. However that may be, she did not; no one did; Gautrier was perhaps the only one of all their circle who did not know, did not even guess. And so night after night he came to the *Chat Noir* to eat his cheap dinner, drink his bottle of wine and his café rhum, sing his songs, recite his wild poems and pay court to the only girl in the world for him: and that hackneyed phrase is for once the literal truth.

Something of the quality of his passionate adoration and of the wild foolish phrases it inspired may be gathered from his boast to her when, perhaps for the hundredth time, he was besieging her with his unwanted love. "Yvonne," he cried desperately (and the little fool was on his knees clutching her reluctant hand to his lips), "Yvonne, I will make the world come crawling to your feet." Laughable enough, no doubt, but it was in a way to come true, after his fashion.

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An excuse may perhaps be found for most actions but it is hard to find an excuse for the way the affair ended, for the way he was allowed to stumble upon the truth. He came into the *Chat Noir* on New Year's Eve bringing with him his New Year's gift for her, a small oil-painting of herself, the first inspired picture he had done. And he found she was not there, had been married that morning to the gross head waiter and was already speeding south by train on her honeymoon. It was Madame herself who told him. He stood there listening, his eyes staring, his mouth twisted, holding his picture in one hand. And when she had finished (so they told me, for I was not there that night) he screamed and screamed like an animal in torment, dropped the picture, poured out a stream of unintelligible words and then, turning away, jumped headlong through the plate-glass window which gave on to the street. He was not badly hurt, but it was a month before he came to Delacroix's *atelier* again and many months before he renewed his social life with the other students.

There can be no doubt at all that Yvonne's marriage with Gaston wrought a tremendous change in young Gautrier's life, not only in his way of living and his social habits but in his work. He began then that drift towards solitude and asceticism which culminated in the hermit-like existence of his maturity. True he came to the cafés and restaurants but only to eat; he joined no more in the revels and ceased to make those songs and poems which had delighted the studios. But it was in his painting that the change was so startlingly apparent. It is no exaggeration to say that he now abandoned himself utterly to his work, devoted to it all his waking hours, all the vitality he had formerly frittered away upon his rhymes and songs, all the passion which had gone into his adoration of Yvonne. Old Delacroix used to say years afterwards that God had made Henri Gautrier a genius but that it needed a fat and stupid girl to reveal it to the world. Be that as it may it is unquestionable that his work which had until this period shown no more than a competent talent began increasingly and with amazing rapidity to display the authentic marks of genius.

Within six months of his death strange rumors began to circulate among art circles in Europe of the existence of a considerable number of unmistakable Henri Gautrier's. At first the number was put at a few dozen, then several score and presently had soared to hundreds. And abruptly, as often happens, the secret came out and was, almost in a flash, known all over the world. The paintings were in the possession of a Madame Lecoq (*née* Lebrun) who with her husband kept a small hotel at Arcachon near Bordeaux. The pictures had been gifts to her by the great painter and represented prac-

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tically the whole of his output for the last five years of his life when he was at the height of his powers. There were a hundred forty-six of them; small wonder that during those years Gautrier was rarely seen in public; he must have devoted himself day and night to their creation.

But long before the secret became everybody's it had reached the ever-open ear of Karl Hahnn, perhaps the astutest art dealer in the world, certainly in Europe, and Hahnn had himself gone post-haste down to Arcachon to interview Madame Lecoq. He found her (as I have since heard him relate with a wry sort of grin) a gross stupid woman very much of the peasant type. And the pictures, the one hundred forty-six authentic Henri Gautrier's, were stowed away carelessly ("chucked in anyhow" were his words) in a big dusty loft. She seemed, he said, to have no idea of their value but apparently she was not such a fool as she seemed (or else Hahnn's eagerness betrayed him) and quickly revealed the true peasant's grasping spirit and ability to drive a bargain. Worse still, from Hahnn's point of view, she refused to part with more than one picture so that in the end all that Hahnn bore away was a single picture for which he paid 150,000 francs, the precise sum which the old ruffian had offered for the whole collection. Still, as he said with his familiar chuckle, it was the lovely *Rêve de soir* and would have been cheap at thrice the figure.

The secret once out there began an amazing pilgrimage from all over the world to that small hotel at Arcachon as a result of which those one hundred forty-five masterpieces passed into the possession of art-collectors and art galleries throughout the civilized world and Madame and Monsieur Lecoq (so shrewdly did the good lady haggle and chaffer) became the richest couple in France.

I met Madame Lecoq just after the War at her immense and gaudy mansion in the *Rue de la Concorde*. The walls were littered with pictures by uninspired mediocrities. She remarked to me complacently that poor Henri would be pleased that they'd spent so much money on pictures. Among all that parade of meretricious rubbish there was not a single Henri Gautrier. Ingratitude? Oh, no! it was not that at all. She was quite sincerely grateful and said to me, with a fat smile, "Of course we owe it all to poor Henri. We did mean to keep one of his pictures as a memento but there! we had such a good offer! I *do* hope he knows how happy we are. But there! I'm sure he does and is sharing our happiness; it is his heaven." Certainly then not ingratitude. Just grossness, lack of imagination. She was a spiritual pachyderm.

As for the great painter's youthful passionate boast—well, the world *had* come crawling to her feet; at least the art world and that was the only world which had any reality for Henri Gautrier. —Neil Bell

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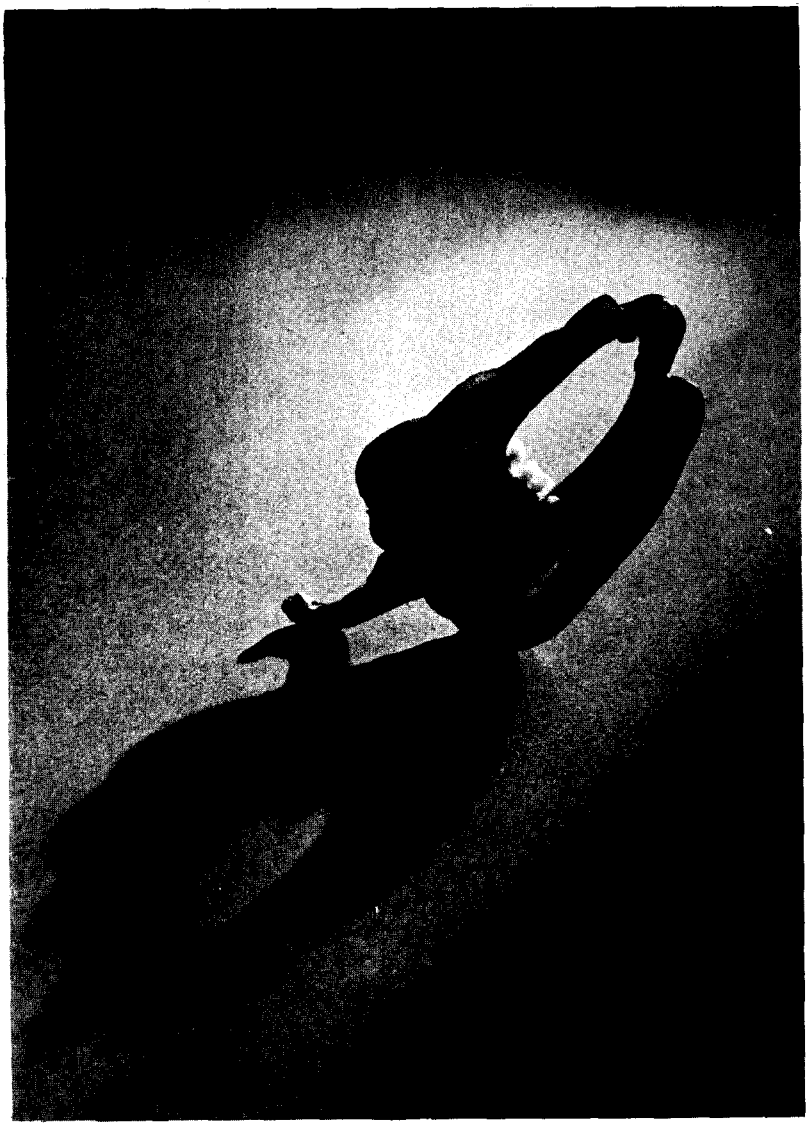

WESTELIN CHICAGO

SLICED PEPPER

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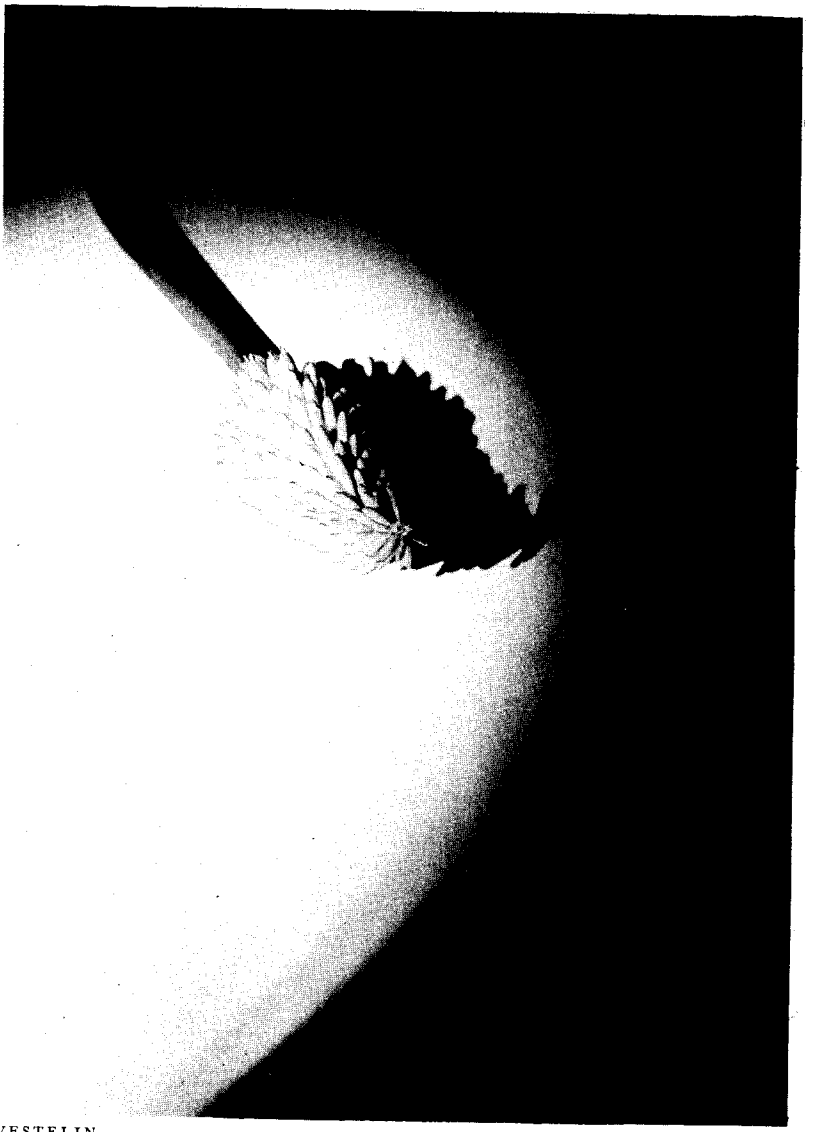

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BUDDING FLOWER

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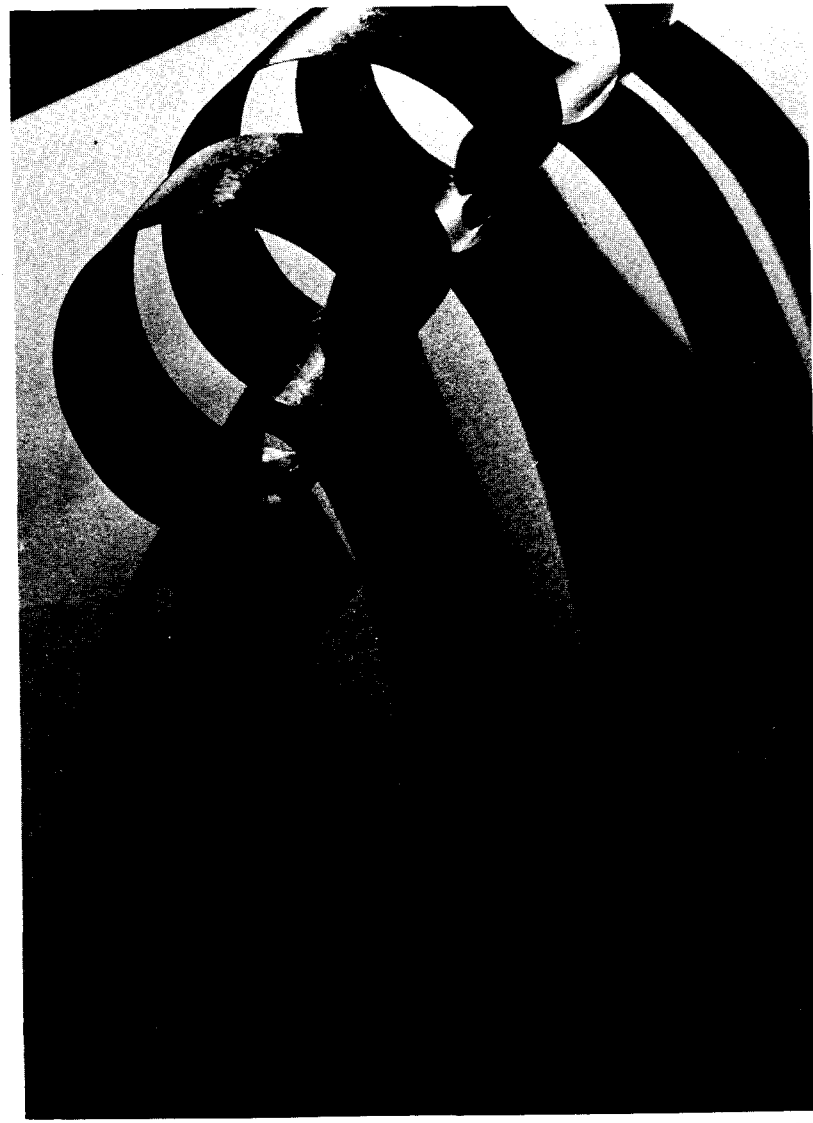

WESTELIN CHICAGO

ALUMINUM COIL

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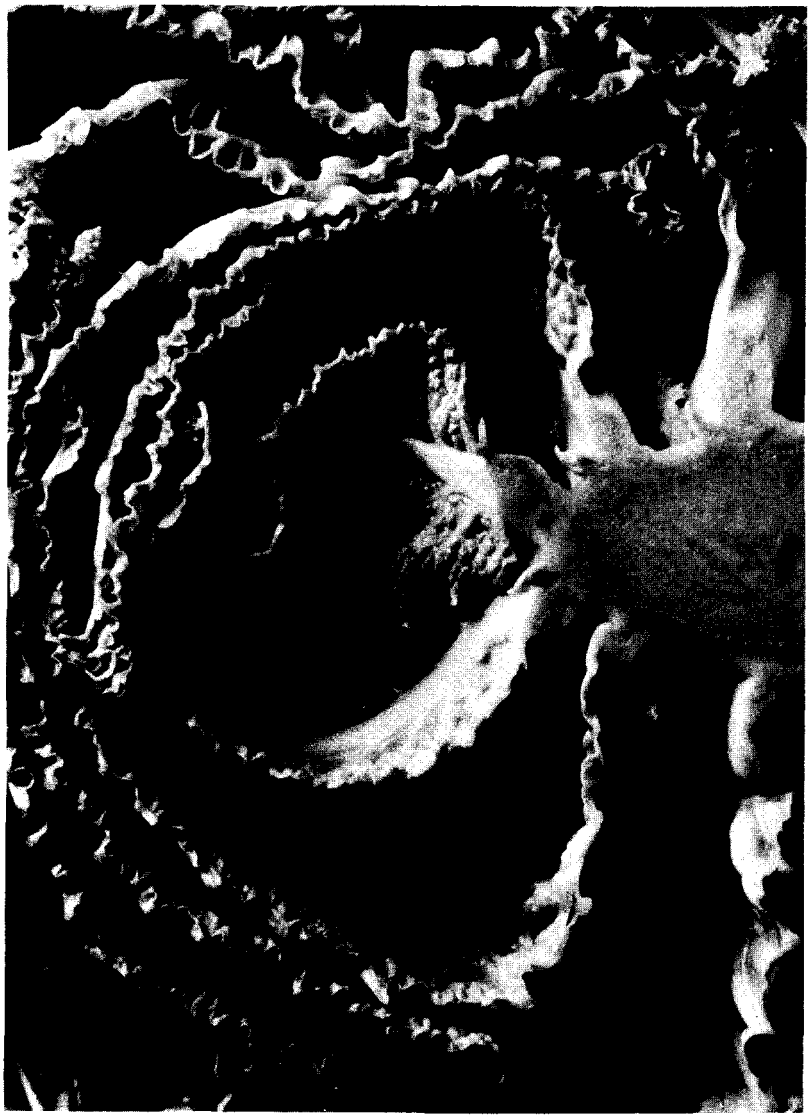

EDWARD WESTON BLACK STAR PHOTO

HALVED CABBAGE

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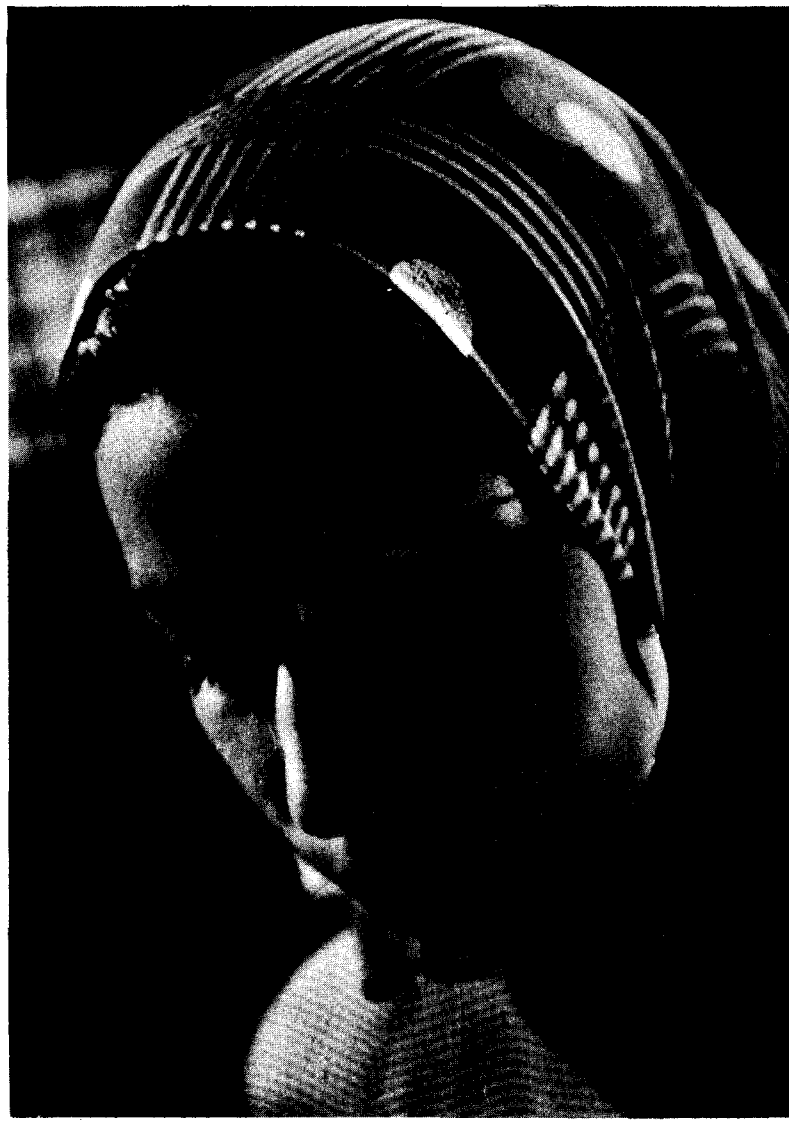

MARIAN BUDAPEST

IF YOUTH BUT KNEW . . .

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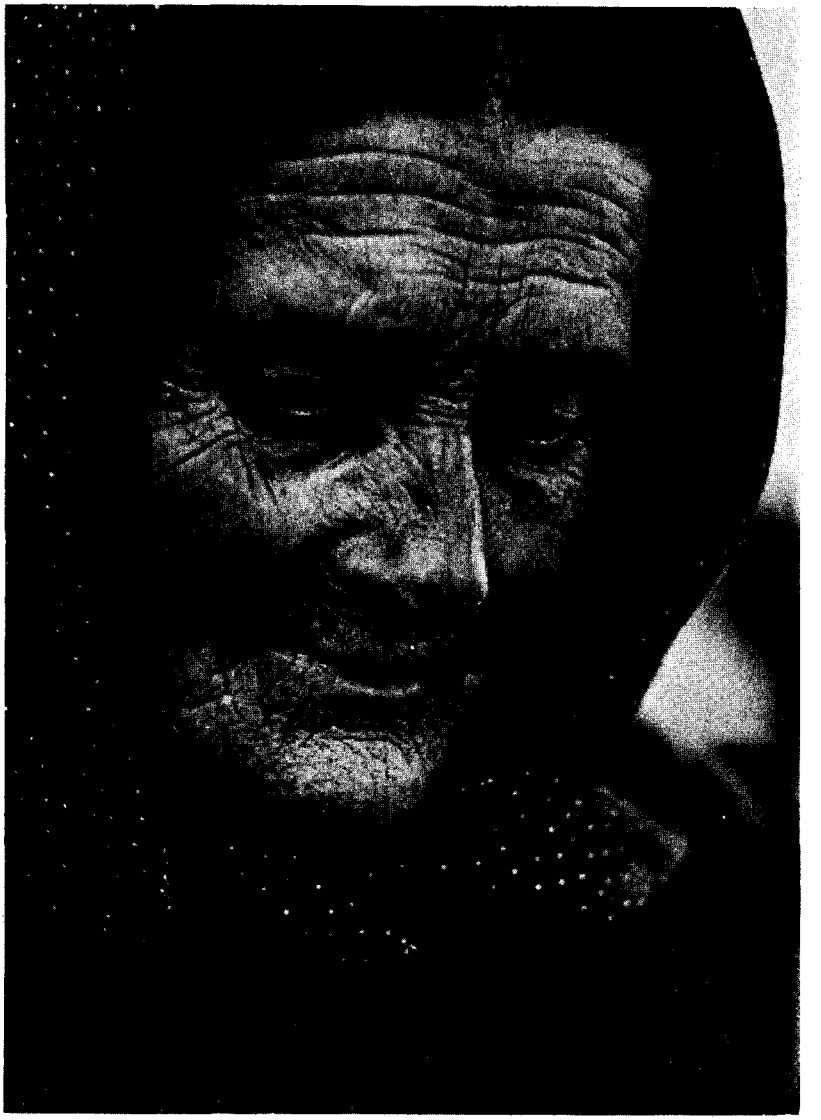

ALBERT KARPLUS VIENNA

. . . WHAT AGE CAN TELL

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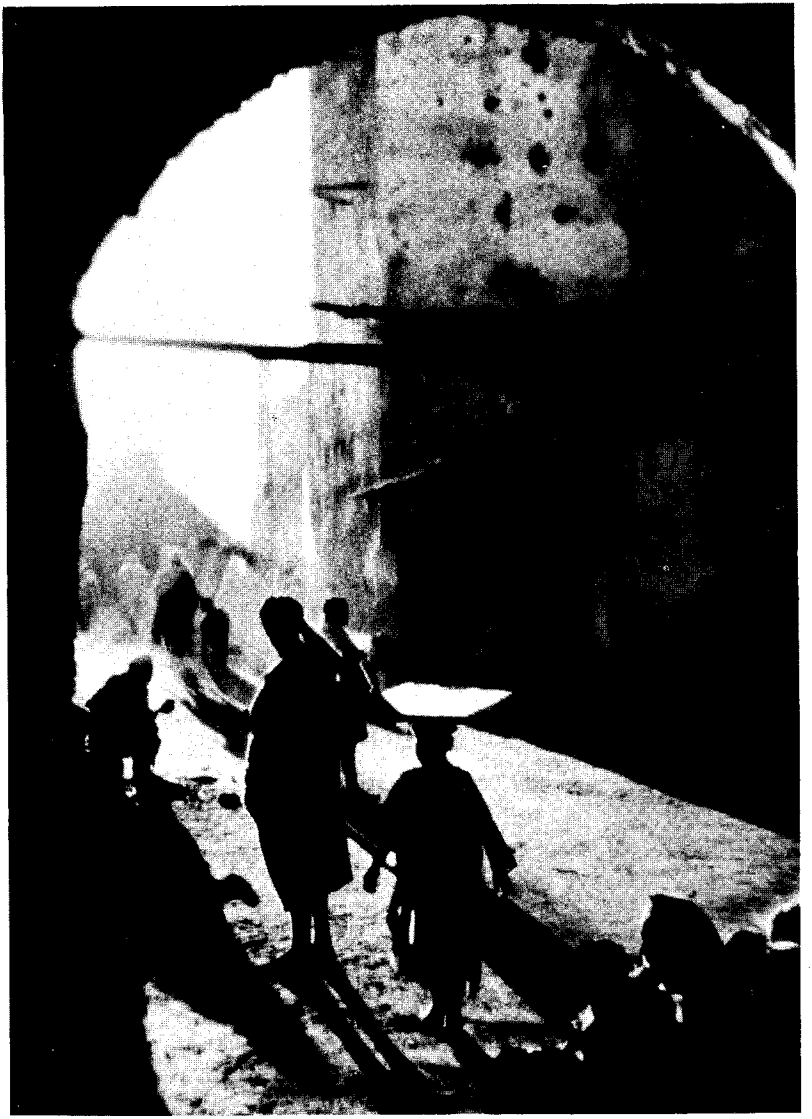

W. LUTHY BERNE, SWITZERLAND

ORIENTAL STREET SCENE

CORONET

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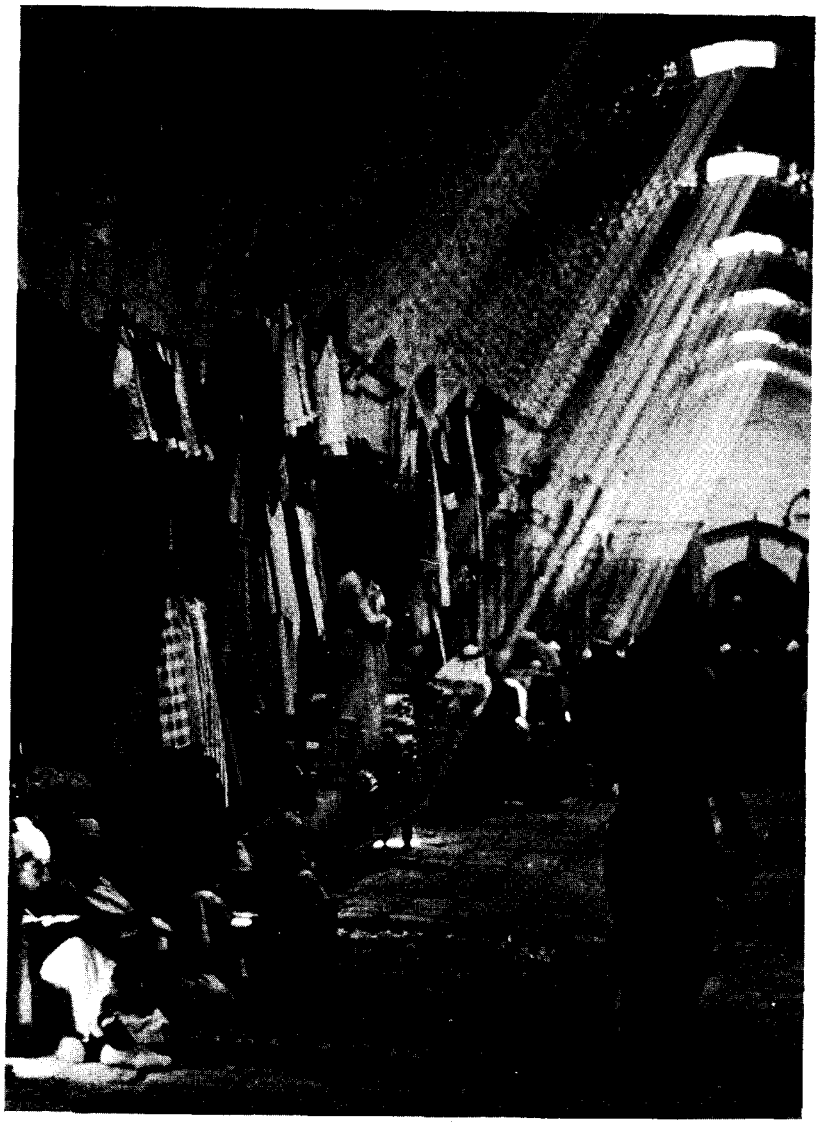

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT PIX PHOTO

ORIENTAL BAZAAR

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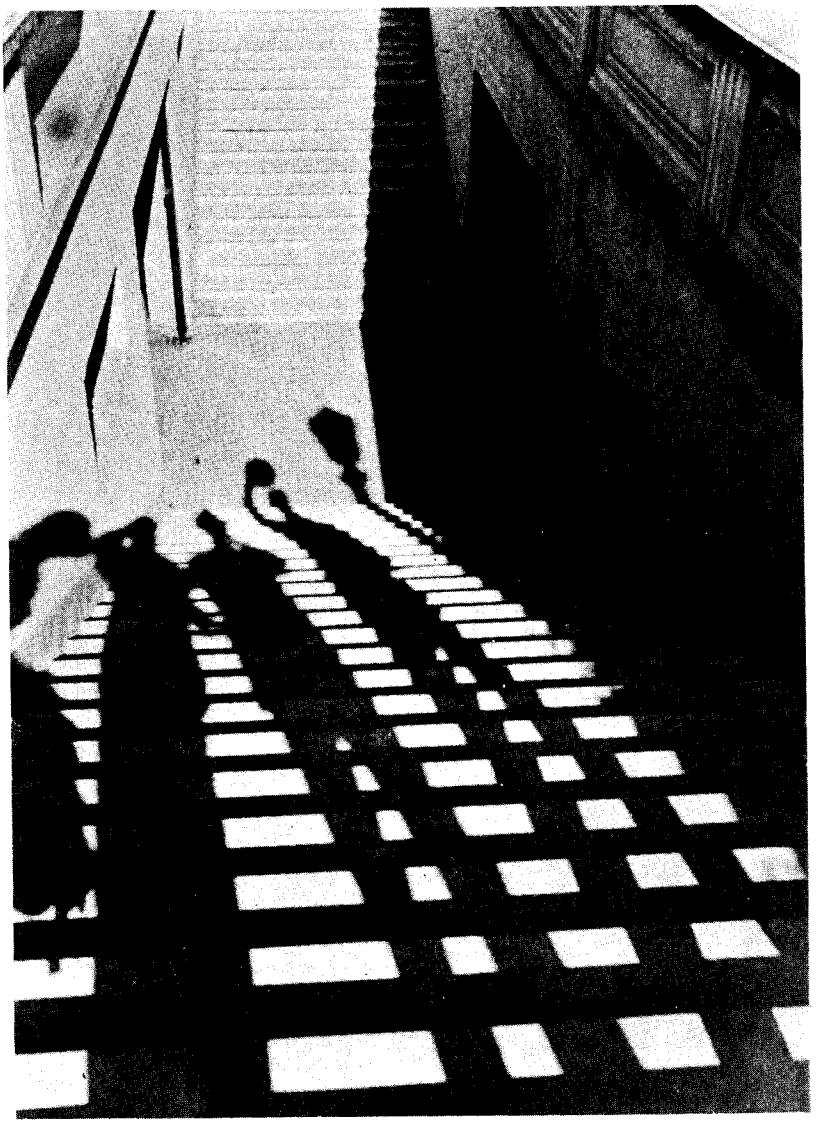

HANNS TSCHIRA EUROPEAN PHOTO

SHADOWS BEFORE

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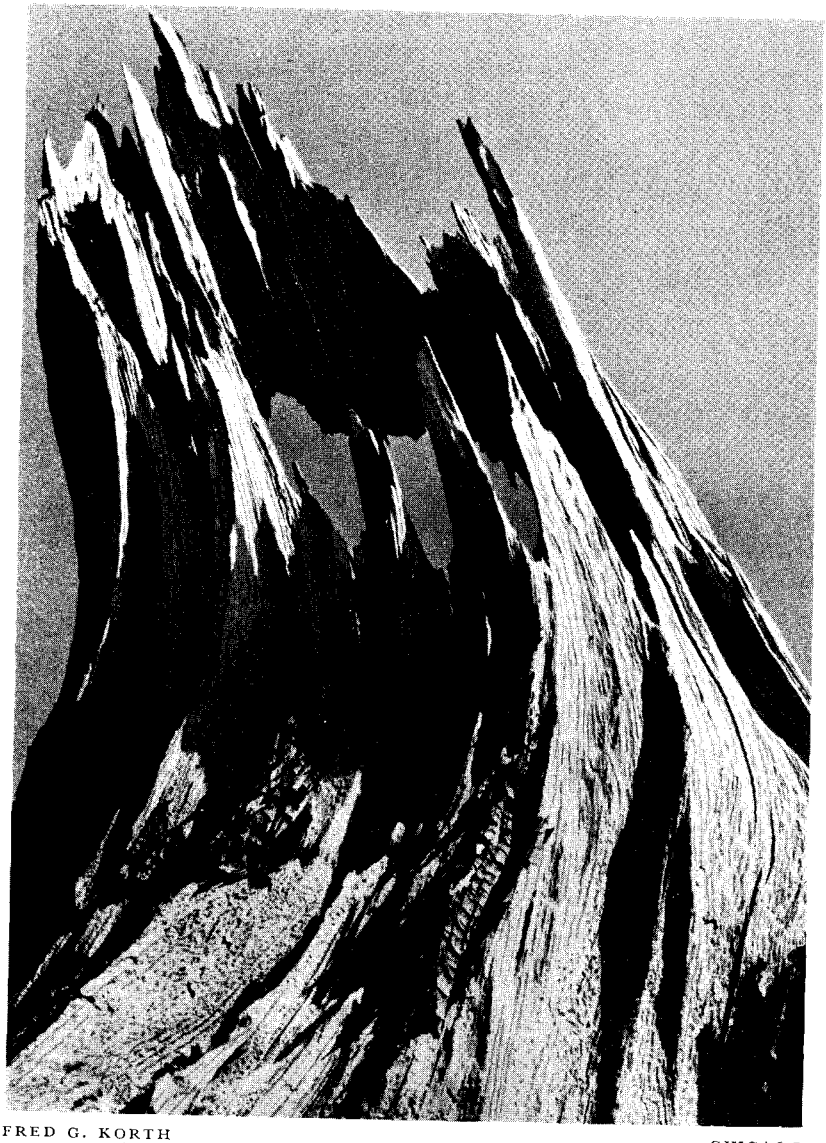

FRED G. KORTH

CHICAGO

HOLLOW SHELL

FEBRUARY, 1937

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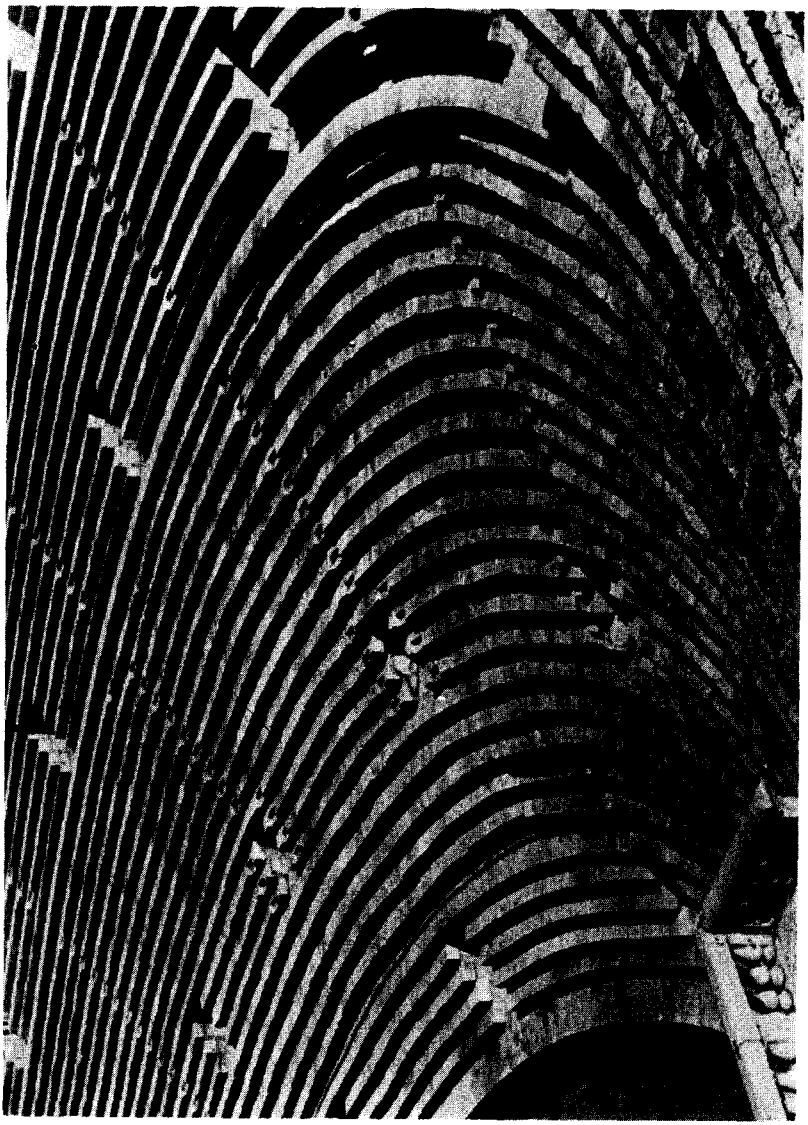

P. CLAVER GRAHAMER ST. OTTILIEN, GERMANY

THE ARENA AT VERONA

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HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER EUROPEAN PHOTO

WARNING

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THE PRE-MEDICOS

THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN DOCTORS WERE DRUGGISTS AND VICE VERSA

IT COSTS someone—or most likely a combination of parents, creditors, taxpayers and free-handed millionaires—ten thousand good American dollars every time a modern medical student succeeds in wresting a license from most of our State Health Departments, entitling him to try out his medical knowledge on the torsos of ailing citizens.

Contrast this free-spending educational bout with the school days of Dr. Nathan Smith of New Hampshire about a century and a half ago. He was a farm-hand at twenty-four when he saw an impromptu surgical operation in a nearby village. It fascinated him, so he saved enough to take him to Edinburgh where for three years, without any other preparation than the cash in advance, he studied under the leading medical lights of Scotland for the equivalent of $30.00 per light per year. Then he returned to his native land to become a leading light himself and finally to organize the medical school of Dartmouth College.

This was before the Revolution, when there were no medical schools, scarcely any doctors and state examiners were scarcer than examinees. If Dr. Smith had been less ambitious he could have taken service for three years or more with a doctor at home who would be known as his "Preceptor." The Preceptor would have taught him all the deadly devices of brews and boluses and hack saw surgery with which doctors used to decimate the population of those days, and then have sent him forth with a certificate and a new suit of "clothes" for wages, which was the complete course of training provided in most of the Colonies. Or he could have saved all that trouble just by hanging up a sign that he was a doctor, and educating himself on the customers as he went along. Many of his fellow doctors did just that, and there was no one to stop them or get them indicted for mayhem. The majority studied under Preceptors. Only a highly favored few achieved Europe, and those that did owned the mint, so far as a wealthy practice was concerned.

They went to London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Antwerp and sometimes to Vienna. Usually they went with credentials from some older practi-

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tioner who had been trained himself in one of these places, and their welcome was thus made secure. Even the best of the European schools then were more or less catch-as-catch-can affairs in which the student selected his own courses and chose his instructors. The professors were outstanding physicians who worked on an individual sort of basis, issuing tickets to their courses and collecting fees on the number sold. Certificates of attendance took the place of credits toward a degree, as there were no records and no standards of scholarship. In Edinburgh a fringe of doctors surrounded the university proper offering private supplementary courses in surgery and anatomy, much to the profit of the "Resurrection Men" who supplied the dissection material from nearby graveyards, if not from more dubious sources.

The college itself seems, by our standards, to have been rather loosely organized. The admission cards of Dr. Ralph Ashton of Philadelphia, who was at Edinburgh in 1758, still exist. They are written on ordinary playing cards with the university seal affixed. The seven of diamonds admitted young Ashton to the Royal Infirmary inspections and the deuce of hearts permitted him to attend the anatomy lectures.

Nevertheless, these young American visitors brought back a medical background far superior to the best the Colonies could afford. From 1758 to 1783, sixty-three Americans registered in Edinburgh alone, all but one —a New Englander—coming from the central and southern colonies since these held more closely to things English than the recalcitrant northerners. Thus in medicine as in art, law and all matters cultural, America took from Europe an education ready-made on strictly European lines. Only in recent years have we begun to complete the Revolution by learning to think for ourselves.

In addition to their factual gleanings, these boys brought back an appalling amount of the standard pharmaceutical junk of Europe. Medical practice in the 18th century was still mixed up with the dark of the moon, and powdered toads, and passes in the air and things like that. The home-folks added these superstitions to their own misinformation and buttressed the result with the ignorance of the Indians, so that by the time they finished their apprenticeships, the pre-Revolutionary medical students were able to launch their professional careers with a sizable cargo of mistakes underwritten in advance. Mental healing must be given a larger share of credit for their successes than they realized. Their victims believed they knew their business. The doctors believed that goat's dung would cure disease. So they fed them the dung and the victims believed they were being cured. These well-meaning swindles were abetted by such authorities in American medicine as Shippen, Wistar, and Rush,

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and backed by such mammoth European reputations as Boerhaave, Sydenham and John Brown of Edinburgh, under whom the satraps of American medicine achieved their training. Bleeding was a universal practice. Leeches were fastened to the patient's nostrils and ears on the slightest symptoms. If this did not suffice, veins were opened and as a last resort, arteries. If the patient survived being bled white, the doctor got the credit; if not, Divine Providence took the blame.

Far into the 19th century, the Preceptor system for training new doctors continued, even after the medical colleges were well established. Before the Revolution it was practically the only gateway to the medical profession. Boys could be received in doctors' offices from twelve years old upwards, though the majority were taken in at sixteen or over. While they were called students and their chieftains known as Preceptors, they really were apprentices, often legally "bound out." This meant they must keep the status of servants to their masters until they came of age. They were sworn to be diligent, temperate, virtuous, to avoid bad company, not to gamble, and to conduct themselves like Alger heroes in general. A good many of these old indenture papers still exist. Evidence that the students took them too seriously is not so abundant. Medical students, like art students, from medieval times have had a reputation for inability to stay on the moral reservation, and traditions always are stronger than laws.

There were no specialists then. The practicing doctor had to know surgery and pharmacy—indeed had to collect his own herbs on occasion. Apothecaries could furnish such standard drugs as quinine, epicac, calomel, and perhaps a supply of dried toads and distilled fishworms. But for the awful brews prescribed by Sydenham, or *James' Dictionary of Medicine*, a deep grounding in botany was necessary and doctors were about the only botanists we had. They mixed this expert knowledge with the lore of the medieval witch-doctors to produce truly astounding results.

The students had to learn the Latin names of all the weeds and of the reptile and insect live stock "decocted" with them. They had to know how to collect them, to prepare them and when to administer them. They had to know as much anatomy as the naked eye could perceive, backed by a good butcher knife; be familiar with such crude surgical technique as then existed and likely as not to find their own corpses to acquire knowledge on. They could attend to such matters of pure education between times of cleaning the office, currying the doctor's horse, shoveling snow in the winter, attending their masters on their rounds and getting them home from parties. The student was supposed to carry on in this fashion until he was twenty-one. This seems all too short a time

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"Yes, I'd like to stop—but I don't know how to end the thing"

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to acquire such a warehouse of facts and keep it in working order. Even a lifetime seems too short. A man might do it in two lifetimes if he were twins.

The American Indian contributed his mite to this abracadabra, some of it genuinely valuable because it was adapted to American conditions and the rest used only because Indian medical superstitions occasionally coincided with those of Europe. But in general, American medicine was as timorous as that of Europe in departing from the ancient customs. The Americans trained abroad knew the most about these customs, and so came to assume a natural leadership. They set about to elevate American standards to those of Europe as rapidly as possible. Long before the Revolution, medical associations were formed on English lines and gradually an educational system began to take shape. Standards were low and could only be uplifted with great patience and effort, a notch at a time, for the American medical men encountered one difficulty that still exists, but which Europe has never understood. It was possible on that caste-ridden continent for standards to be applied impartially to all parts of a kingdom, for civilization would have practically the same status in all its parts. Hence the dictum of the Royal Medical Society could be enforced in Northumberland or Cornwall.

There were reasons aplenty why this state of things could not prevail here. The first doctors in America were not medical men, but simply the educated element of a pioneer community—sometimes Crown officials but more generally clergymen. This was not because of the ancient connection between tribal priests, witch doctors and medicine, but because the colonists would not trust themselves to neighbors of their own rank and education, and with a few exceptions there were no competent medical men. Pioneer life was hard and held scant temptation to any professional man who could earn a living at home. About the only doctors to emigrate did so for a change of occupation.

Where there were no doctors, there were no medical students. The young Americans of means who went to Europe for training, set up practice in the wealthier seaboard communities where there was a chance to get some return on the heavy investment of time and money. In the hinterlands, anyone who wished to be a doctor was a doctor by the wish and no one asked any foolish questions as to his medical knowledge. The trained doctors objected to this and said so acidly. Their self-taught brethren charged them with bringing high-faluting foreign notions to this land of the free. Thus the eternal warfare between the scientist and the layman blazed up before this country was a generation old. It has been blazing ever since with a ferocity unknown in Europe.

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Except possibly the law, more than any other modern profession the medical cult has given careful attention to the training of its neophytes. The early state associations dealt with this problem along three lines. They worked to establish educational standards among doctors' apprentices; they campaigned for state medical boards with licensing powers; they agitated for regular colleges of medicine with facilities beyond the superficial lecture courses given by Harvard, Pennsylvania and a few others. The first successful effort of the latter kind was in Philadelphia where the Philadelphia College of Medicine, now part of the University of Pennsylvania, was established piecemeal between 1765 and 1770 by converging the efforts of several private doctors with groups of students. The other early colleges followed this lead, so that early in the nineteenth century the status of the American medical student was considerably changed. The Preceptor system was still the backbone of medical education. But the students were older, their work was systematized in connection with hospitals and colleges. This brought Boston, New York and Philadelphia into prominence as the only important centers of medical education. The Preceptor system was relegated to the pioneer fringe. Today it has vanished.

Medical training, however, had advanced by 1820 only in method, not in content since the days of Harvey and the English Revolution. Chemistry, physiology, microscopy had no place in the early medical student's career. He studied anatomy, surgery, and *materia medica*, the last including the horrendous collection of herbs and powdered reptiles referred to above. The colleges brought surgery and anatomy to the fore in their curricula which the private Preceptor could not do. Medical students had access to the hospitals and almshouses under the guidance of a faculty member. The colleges established clinics and dissection laboratories. This last institution, indispensable to any kind of medical training, brought on the brief reign of one of the strangest trades this planet has ever seen—the "Resurrection" or "Sack-'em-up Men," whose story is an incredible drama too long for this thumbnail sketch of early medical student life, but which colored the whole aspect of anatomical study for a long period. For dissection one must have cadavers to dissect, but public sentiment was all against dissection and this sentiment found expression in restrictive laws. Yet another set of laws made it impossible to pass the medical examinations without the grounding in anatomy that only dissection could afford. In this quandary the colleges took to supplying themselves with bodies when and as they could get them, so that the years following the Revolution witnessed some strange scenes in the name of education. Body

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snatching as an adjunct to medical education is unknown to the students of today, but for the greater part of the nineteenth century, American medical students were accustomed to supplying dissecting room deficiencies after their own manner and the practice continued until fairly recent times.

By 1850 it was no longer necessary to go to Europe for a grounding in medical fundamentals, though in research and specialized medicine England and Austria still held their prestige. Medical training was pretty well centralized around the colleges except on the frontiers. But student life was not the formidable sentence of eight to ten years hard labor with the first five years earnings spent in advance, that it is today. Dr. J. C. White of Boston describes his life as a Harvard medic in 1853. There were seven lecture courses and these lasted for the four winter months only. Admission was by ticket and the students were supposed to buy all the tickets to all the lectures. Attending them afterwards was their own affair, for there were no records of attendance, no gradings, no scholarship standards and no supervision over the students personally. Preliminary college training was required to the extent of three months and all students were supposed to be studying under a Preceptor in Boston or its vicinity.

Twice a week there were visits to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Saturdays, the students visited the surgical wards and watched operations for one hour. There was also an afternoon demonstrator's hour in dissections. The students practiced dissection themselves at will and on their own time, apparently with no more professional guidance than the law allowed, for Dr. White records the death of a classmate from a wound in the mouth, caused by the student's holding a dissecting scalpel *between his teeth*, when he had both hands full during a dissection. There was no work in laboratories or with microscopes. To the University of Michigan Medical College, about the last of the great pioneer institutions, belongs the honor of installing the first chemical laboratory in any college.

The great change came in the middle of the century, when revolutionary medical discoveries suddenly altered the status of the medical profession from the easy-going gentleman's vocation, to the rock-ribbed science of the present. Down in Georgia, ether parties, at which the idea was to inhale ether through a towel until you went crazy instead of getting drunk, became a fad, and Dr. C. W. Long applied this risky pastime to a minor operation with gratifying results so far as they went, but leaving doubts that ether could be safely used in major cases. Ether parties passed out of favor as a dangerous fad, without any scientific repercussions until three years later,

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when Dr. Horace Wells, a Connecticut dentist, who may or may not have heard of Long's experiment, successfully used ether in extracting teeth. Enthusiastic over his discovery, Wells arranged a demonstration at Harvard Medical College, at which Dr. Eli T. Morton was present. In the midst of the demonstration, the patient screamed with pain, and the students hissed Wells from the room. He retired in humiliation to Hartford, where he afterward committed suicide. Morton was more persevering. He perceived that Wells and Long had failed only because they used ether insufficiently for complete anesthesia. He experimented to such purpose that on September 30, 1846, an operation was performed in the Massachusetts General Hospital with the patient under a deep, painless sleep from ether.

The effect was to reorganize the surgical practices of the centuries. Operations of a complexity undreamed of before, now became only a matter of technical skill. The scope of surgery was limited also by the inescapable danger of infection when the body cavity was opened. But about this time Dr. Joseph Lister in Edinburgh developed the technique of antiseptic and the science burst through its former bonds forever.

Almost at the same time Florence Nightingale's pioneer work in hospitalization became known to the medical world, which was already in a ferment over Darwin's discoveries that changed man's whole concept of his relation to nature. In the two succeeding decades, biology developed with its train of attendant sciences. Chemistry and microscopy carried the revolution still further. The old pharmacopias with their melange of weird roots, powdered toads and assorted dungs retired from the libraries of the museums, and the medieval doctor lost his sway for the first time in history.

—Edward M. Barrows

THE BOMB

See the airplane bomb fall on the city!
It is filled with deadly gas.
It will set the houses on fire.
It will kill the people.
The flames can not be put out with water.
Chemistry has made great strides.

—O. S. M.

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ABOUT JOHN STENVALL

A NOTE ON AN ARTIST WHO IS NOT AS WIDELY KNOWN AS HE SHOULD BE

JOHN STENVALL is Swedish-America's gift to art. Only 29 years of age, he has a biography as long as your arm. But his real life began when, four years ago, that biography ended. Up to that time, he was a young man on wheels, moving from job to job and from place to place. He made his real start, paradoxically, when he put his roller skates in dead storage. He came to an emotional rest when he realized that he was going to spend the rest of his life being an artist and not a piano player, an actor, milkman, newsboy, apple picker, bottle washer, bootblack, window dresser, grocery clerk, janitor, chauffeur, window washer, farmer, stock boy, bus boy, museum guard—which were only some of the jobs he filled during his periods of residence in Nebraska, Washington and Illinois—although he was born in Wyoming. Today he is an artist resident in Chicago who earns most of his living lettering and painting signs. He paints pictures for experiment in expression and with only a remote hope of saleability.

His life in art began in college where he worked almost as frantically unteaching himself as his teachers strove to teach him. In connection with a state fair, he modelled a relief map of Nebraska in 200 pounds of butter and earned enough money to justify him in storming Chicago, to whose Art Institute he had obtained, beside, a scholarship.

However, there also he found methods to resist, such as using a plumb line to draw the model. As a student, he specialized in industrial design.

He likes to cook. For two years, after his mother's death, he sustained his father and brother on a diet of salt pork and potatoes. During his first two weeks in Chicago he lived on cheese and crackers, with an uncashed $250 check in his jeans. He still likes to play the piano and enjoys collecting second-hand books and furniture and wandering the streets. The phlegmatic Swede in him enjoys watching the Scotch and Irish half of him lose its unreasonable temper. The New Horizons exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York gave the public its first opportunity to see a Stenvall picture. —H. S.

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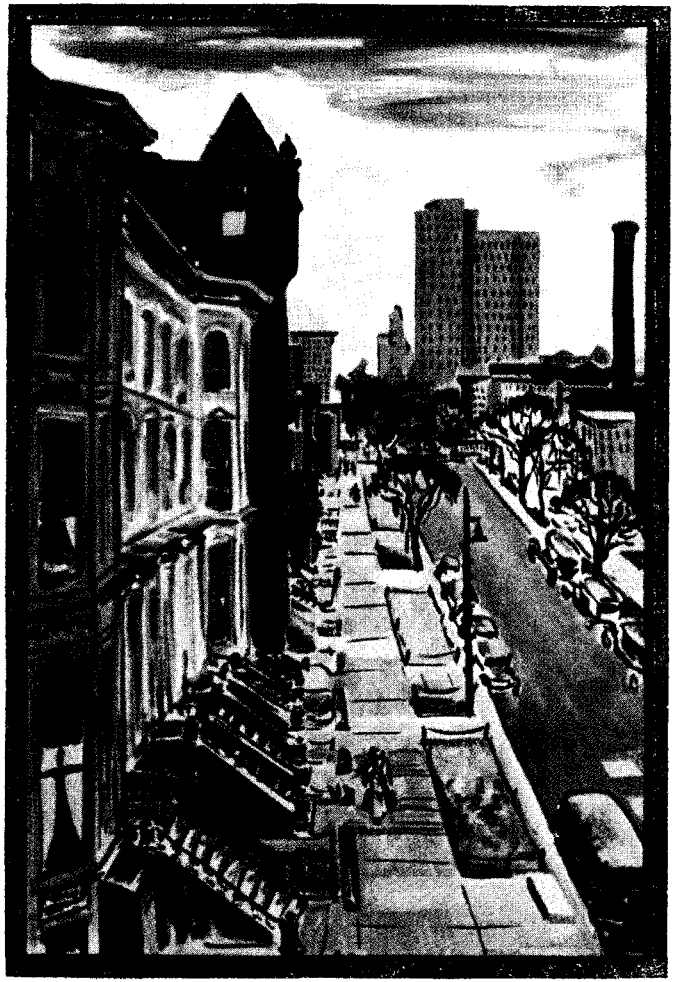

COLL. DOWNTOWN GALLERY, N. Y.

DEARBORN STREET BY JOHN STENVALL

Chicago's near north side, where the gold coast is crowded by the slums, with the rooming house districts serving as buffer states between, where the young white collar workers with their eyes still on the one and their feet still in the other, lead their lonely hall-bedroom lives.

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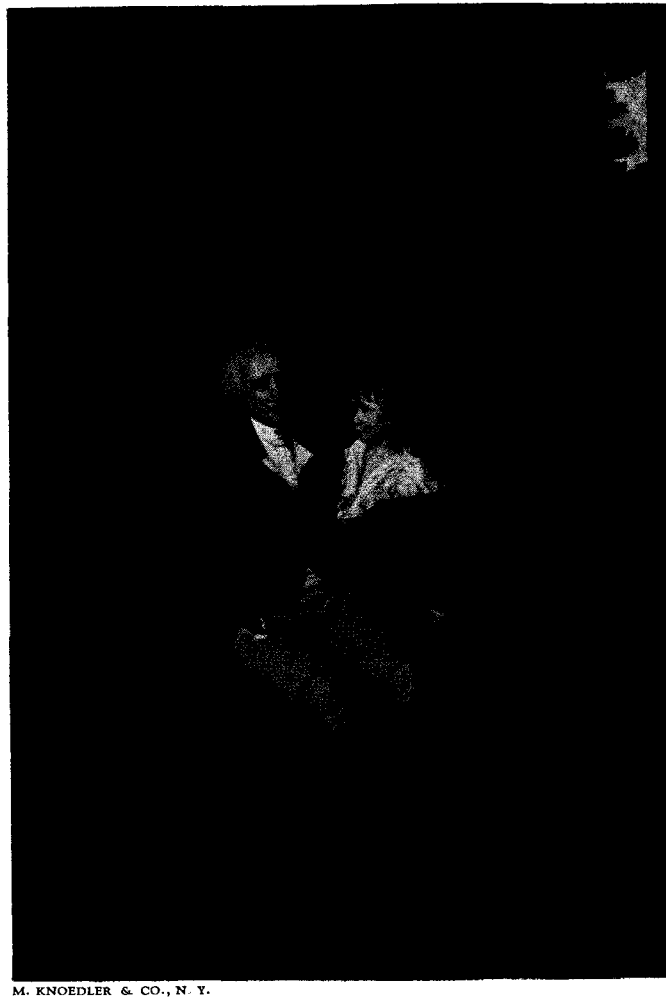

M. KNOEDLER & CO., N. Y.

THE WINSTANLEY WOOD FAMILY

R. Winstanley Wood ran away as a schoolboy to enlist in the Saucy Greens, later gaining a commission for service with the Eighth Hussars in India, where Warren Hastings helped him to a large fortune which he lost, along with his estate, through a son-in-law's bankruptcy.

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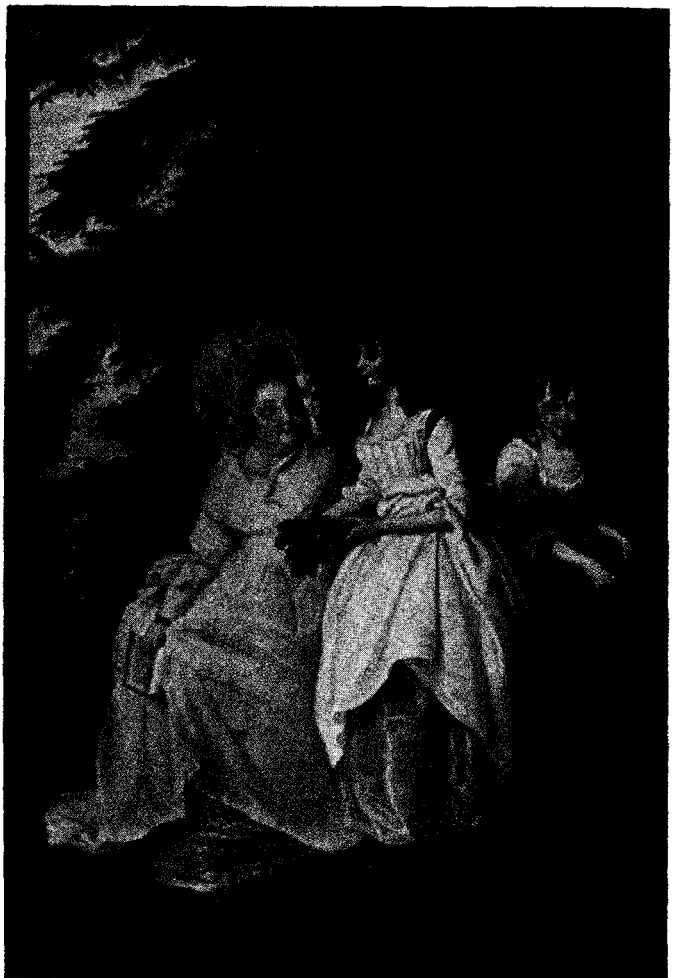

EX. COLL. MAJOR JOHN WINSTANLEY COBB

BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R. A. (1747-1801)

Winstanley Wood's story ended well, however, for his estate which was forced onto the block by one son-in-law was bought by the other. So he and his wife, whom he had met on shipboard going to India, lived on happily at Pierrepont Place, leaving these portraits behind them.

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"She says it's her seat—and I say it's mine—so we compromised!"

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"We decided on dogs, for the first year anyway"

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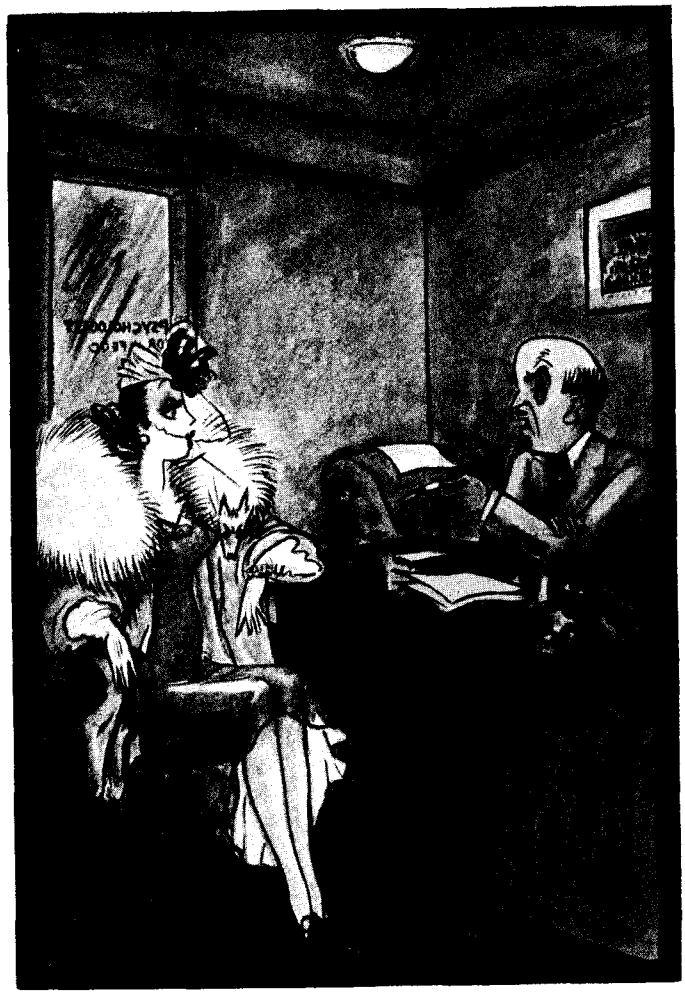

"I don't think we need bother with the intelligence test—you've already given me a pretty good idea"

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"You haven't starved enough"

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"Hel-lo Reynolds—what's new?"

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COALIN'S WOMAN'S WORK

ACID ETCHING IN BLACK ON BLACK
WHERE THE LINERS TAKE ON COAL

GROUPS of Negro women of regal poise stand languidly about, chatting and smoking huge odorous cigars. They are chatting of the trim incoming steamer that has summoned them to the Danish West India Company dock with its longdrawn whistles that mean another ship is calling for coal.

They are the coaling-women—black as the lumps they carry up the gangplank. They coal ships from all parts of the world in exchange for the brass checks that they can trade for two cents—Danish—for each basket conveyed upward on their thick-skulled heads.

"Where you get the new dress, Charity?" giggles ebon Minna, pointing to the obviously fresh strip of burlap that hangs down to her inky shins like a Malayan *sarong*.

"I met he back of 'pothecary Hall," grins the toothless Charity, showing her empty gums.

They chorus a singsong greeting, "Good night, Hulda," to a third coaling-woman who comes up to them, swinging her dusty basket by its wicker handle.

"You hear 'bout Vittoria?" Hulda asks. "She with child. Oughtn't be coalin' today, but her man wants money for St. John rum."

A raucous shout from a husky stevedore-in-charge interrupts them. "Come on, git goin', you!" he yells as the big ship—a passenger steamer crowded with gaping tourists at the rail—slowly eases to the dock.

A gangplank is raised to the bunker chutes, and the women fall into line. Some of them are apathetic; some of them joking; all of them carrying themselves with an ease of carriage that rivals that of the beautiful women who nightly fill the salon of the ship. It is a carriage made necessary to them by the burdensome baskets filled with coal—eighty pounds of it—that they carry whenever they can get the job; a poise necessary if they are to continue as coaling-hands.

The yellow quarantine flag is lowered. The port medical officer, chatting with the Saban pilot who has brought the craft deftly through the channel and into the harbor, clambers down another gangplank. Passengers wander down, to be besieged

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by boys entreating them to hire rickety Model T Fords for a drive to Bluebeard's Castle, or a trip to Megan's Bay, where one can see Sail Rock and the islands of Mona Passage, once the highway travelled by Blackbeard and other pirates and revolutionaries.

Scaly-painted bumboats loaded with smiling dark youngsters who dive for pennies; peddlers of guava jelly; importunate youths with scratchits, as they call the ringed gourds on which they make such rasping rhythm; natives selling chameleons and mahogany bugs (which really are huge flying cockroaches); island merchants and whites anxious to buy vegetables and delicacies fresh from the states; Jewish, Danish or American residents greeting a friend or member of the family who has been away for several months; a confused babel of many accents; idle lookers-on who come to see the arrival of every ship—they come so seldom; slightly intoxicated parties of visitors who believe that perhaps the steamer will carry an orchestra, and that perhaps it will lay over long enough for a dance.

Hustle. Disorder. Chaos. Sweat. Profanity. Pungent odors. The coaling women; the natives sucking sweets. Pineapples. Bananas. Scent of clean oil. Coaling-women. Dust. Heat reflected from the tin of warehouse sides—smell of heat—glaring sun on roofs. Coaling-women.... The whiteness of the town nestled among the hills at the far side of the harbor, in which a hurricane-wrecked schooner bleaches, and a sunken drydock offers mute rebuke. . . .

And there is Vittoria, the coaling-woman heavy with child. She is in the line of other native women who are toiling to support their men who are loafing in town or about the wharf. There are so many more women than men in the islands, she ponders. There are so many other women willing to work for her man. . . . She *must* earn enough today to buy his drink.

Tourists, impressed by the unusual sight their guidebooks promised they might be fortunate enough to see, stop to watch the crudely-dressed, barefoot women lift their loads to their heads, where a protective turban of burlap or dirty rags protects skull from wicker basket.

In an endless line, the coaling-women trudge up and down, up and down, up and down the gangplank, dust mingling with perspiration; their grimy faces are happy with the thought that they can give their men a franc or two with which to buy fiery rum that inflames the passions and brings peaceful sleep at their culmination.

Behind the coal pile that is the land terminal of the escalator-like line, there is a mild commotion. Hulda calls to Minna. Minna whispers to Charity. They drop from the endless procession, sacrificing their chance to earn perhaps four cents more, and go to Vittoria. She has told Hulda that

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she feels pangs in her abdomen. Vittoria, carrying the child of a St. John gatherer of bay-tree leaves, is in travail.

Afraid that the stevedore-in-charge will make her quit her work, she pleads with her three friends to stand about her. There is but the slightest gasping moan.

Another "yard child" is born.

There is no rejoicing. It means that her St. John man will be angry with her. He must pay her two dollars every month, by the Danish law that still rules the island, until the child can support himself. Perhaps he will even desert her for a woman who knows more. . . .

But, Vittoria consoles herself: the boy can work for her until he leaves the shelter of the two-room, tin-sided shack in which she lives with her mother, her mother's current man, her sister and her sister's "protector," and their small child.

The wrinkled pinkish bundle that later will assume its parents' nigritude is grabbed from the ground, hastily brushed with a bit of cloth ripped from what passes as Hulda's blouse. Vittoria tears her turban from her head; unwraps it; levels a place on the coal pile that the other women will avoid when they fill their baskets; and places her first-born on a black cradle of coal.

A passing wench gives it a length of sugar cane to suckle.

The line passes Vittoria once. It passes her twice. When it passes the birthplace a third time, Vittoria is in it, carrying her eighty pounds of coal on her head, held strongly erect, earning the two cents for each trip she makes.

"Why is it," inquires a tourist a few moments later, as she notices that there are no men laboring in coaling the ship, "that there are no male workers doing this heavy task?"

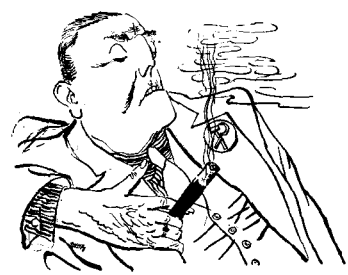
The stevedore glances at her somewhat pityingly.

"Why, madame, coalin's woman's work." —Donald D. Hoover

WEALTHY RADICAL

This odd creature is a wealthy
radical.
He thinks Communism might be
better for the country.
No need to worry, children!
His employees would never stand
for a thing like that!

—O. S. M.



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In its first four issues CORONET has confined itself, with the exception of the Le Nain center spread inserts in this and the January issue, to reproductions of paintings and objects of art from American museums and private collections. In the issues immediately forthcoming we hope to present reproductions of art objects from European sources, some of which have never before been seen in this country. This does not, of course, mean that we are abandoning the reproduction of these subjects owned in America but merely that we are endeavoring to widen CORONET's scope. Suggestions from readers who either own or know of paintings, sculpture or objects of art that might be reproduced to advantage in CORONET's color pages will be given grateful consideration.

* * *

WE HAVE begun to receive letters describing paintings and objects of art and asking assistance in identifying them or otherwise assisting their owners to acquire information about them which they now lack. So far there have not been enough of these letters to justify publishing them in the magazine, but we do think we see in them the nucleus of what could easily become a very interesting regular feature. It occurs to us that many of the magazine's readers might possibly possess the wanted information that professionals frequently seem unable to unearth. In any case, as an experiment, we welcome letters of this nature concerning works of art or indeed on any not too distantly related subjects, which we will print if they arrive in sufficient quantity and variety to give fair promise of affording interesting reading. Whether the answers will in turn be forthcoming is another question, of course, but we are at least willing to put the experiment to trial. If it works, it will be a readers' department, entirely self-conducted and self-edited. It could easily, if it fanned the sparks of controversy latent in almost every statement, question and answer in every field of the arts, become one of the magazine's liveliest and most consistently entertaining features.

* * *

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS are invited to submit their work for reproduction in CORONET's photography sections. They will, of course, be in competition with the ranking photographers of the world, most of whom we have heard from by now. Nevertheless we feel sure that there are many who have made at least one especially fine photograph, perhaps even a "lucky shot," that may win on its merits against the best professional work. Whenever this happens there is only the danger of losing amateur standing, as we will not differentiate between the two classes, either in making selections from their work or in paying for it.

* * *

The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.

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for
FEBRUARY
1937

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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